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The Week-end Review

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The Sacred Cold

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The Wrong Time to Hesitate

THE Labour Party's hesitant decision to soft-pedal its opposition to American intervention in the Lebanon is doubly unfortunate. In the first place, it makes nonsense of the party's fundamental tenet that the advanced countries have a primary duty to assist the development of the backward areas. The overthrow of the Hashemite regime in Iraq – which directly provoked the American intervention – represents an essential stage in the growth of political maturity in the Middle East. Nuri es-Said's regime was based exclusively on the feudal landowning class, and the new republic – whether or not it assumes an authoritarian form on the model of Nasser's Egypt – represents the emergent, educated middle classes and the growing national consciousness of the *fellahin*. Even on grounds of self-interest, we should welcome the revolution: for the perpetuation of the feudal social structure in this area is the prime cause of the frustration which gives Arab nationalism – in itself a healthy phenomenon – its violent and xenophobic overtones.

Secondly, it is a calamity that Labour should be associated – even by silence – with America's reckless decision to use force. No doubt Eisenhower can claim himself legally justified in answering Chamoun's appeal; so, in a sense, could Krushchev when, at Kardar's invitation, he suppressed the Hungarian revolution. But such reasoning merely adds hypocrisy to crime, and on any other grounds American intervention is indefensible. The United Nations – at America's request – had investigated the Lebanese revolt and pronounced firmly and authoritatively that it was a purely internal affair. By all accounts, the UN report had produced a sobering effect in Beirut, where the forces of compromise were beginning to emerge. Now Eisenhower – acting in panic at the news from Baghdad – has torn up the UN report, to Mr Hammarskjold's unconcealed indignation, thus striking a further blow at the principle of collective security and reviving the moribund Lebanese crisis.

Intervention cannot be justified even in terms of expediency. It is beyond the capacity of the US force to discharge its alleged task of policing the entire country; is it therefore to be greatly enlarged? And since Lebanon has no common frontier with Jordan or Iraq, further interventions will presumably have to be made to influence events there. Is America therefore going to commit herself to three major campaigns? No wonder senior US commanders are reported as sceptical about the whole operation. How long, moreover, are the troops to remain? And is there any likelihood that, when they are removed, the regimes they were summoned to defend will be any stronger? Is it not far more probable that control over the entire area will then pass into anti-western hands?

Nor is the damage likely to end there. It did not need solemn warnings from Moscow to draw attention to the inherent danger that the nationalist forces in the Middle East will now ask Russia for help, and that Russia – for exactly the same reasons which seem to have dictated Eisenhower's decision – will find it impossible to refuse. 'Volunteers' as well as Marines can be flown in. America would then find herself fighting a second Korea, with the choice of sending in ever-larger conventional forces or resorting to nuclear weapons. These predictions may seem unduly sombre, but even on the most optimistic estimate, Nasser will be driven into closer friendship with Russia. In recent months we have watched a welcome loosening of his ties with Moscow; now, in Aneurin Bevan's phrase, he will be forced to 'run for cover' under the Soviet umbrella. Again, the West has shown the would-be neutrals that neutrality does not pay.

Labour's leaders are fully aware of the force of these arguments; and if they have failed to press them home into the division lobbies, it is not because they support the government's policy but because they fear that full-throated opposition would be electorally costly. No doubt it is; and Mr Macmillan is unscrupulous enough to spring a snap election on just such an issue as this. But it is far more costly, in the long run, for a party to sacrifice one of its principles on an issue of this importance. To learn how costly, British Socialists have only to look at their bankrupt and defeated comrades across the Channel.

Comments on the Week's News

Three-quarters of a Loaf

The White Paper on the organisation of defence published last Tuesday brings down the curtain on the melodrama of intrigue and counter-intrigue between Mr Sandys and the Tory brigadiers. Indeed, its terms are so modest that one is left wondering what all the excitement has been about. With characteristic adroitness Mr Macmillan has taken decisions which appear to make full allowance for legitimate special interests, but which in fact confirm unequivocally the post-war shift of authority from the service departments to the Minister of Defence. Private empire-building considerations apart, the important arguments against a central executive authority for all defence planning are, first, that such an authority might easily prove insensitive to the particular administrative needs of individual arms of the service, and, secondly, that the experience in two world wars of the German *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht* proves the danger of separating staff planning from operational responsibility. The new White Paper confirms the overlord-status of the Minister of Defence, which must now be regarded as permanent. At the same time, something like the skeleton of an inter-service general staff is established, responsible to the Minister of Defence through the new post of Chief of the Defence Staff. The existing channels of communication, which reserve to each of the services access to the Cabinet and the Prime Minister, will nevertheless be kept open, and the joint planning staffs will continue to plan inside their own departments and under the direct orders of their individual Chiefs of Staff. These safeguards should insure against the danger of undue separation between the planning and the executive authorities. Meanwhile, the authority of the Minister of Defence to take decisions on pay and conditions in the individual services has reverted – probably wisely and certainly tactfully – to the service ministers. The new machinery is capable of leading in due course, and with very small modification, to considerably greater service integration and centralisation of planning than would at present be politically acceptable in the Tory party. But it will be run in gradually, and the previous machine is always there – in effect an auxiliary motor, able to cut in if the new one fails.

The Worst Week in Cyprus

The birds of prey are coming home to roost in Cyprus. After a week of greater violence than has been seen for a year, Sir Hugh Foot proclaimed last Monday an almost total embargo on movement in the island. At the same time he issued a solemn warning about the imminence of civil war and arranged for a large new draft of police reinforcements from Britain. The curious incident of the misunderstanding of a perfectly innocent BBC news report, which led to the refusal of the Greek mayors to discuss with the Governor immediate measures for avoiding bloodshed, illustrates the tension which now exists. It also illustrates the extreme bitterness in the minds of the more responsible leaders of the Greek community. And there, perhaps, is the crux of the present situation. The Governor's new plan for Cyprus was presented to public opinion in Britain, notably by Sir Hugh Foot himself, as being based on absolute equality of treatment between the Greek and Turkish communities. We always doubted the reality of that claim and the events of the last couple of weeks show that it has not materialised. Each day's news suggests more conclusively that the old viciously anti-Greek bias by the security forces and most of the civil authorities continues to provoke more terror and to make the possibility of an eventual political solution more and more remote. Last Sunday's *Reynolds News* carried a dispatch from its very well-informed correspondent in Cyprus, Charles Foley, giving a series of concrete examples of this bias, some of them serious. On Tuesday the Colonial Under-Secretary admitted without apology in the Commons that, whereas Eoka is illegal and Athens radio jammed, Volkan, the Turkish terrorist organisation, is not yet proscribed and the inflammatory broadcasts from Ankara are not jammed. Either Sir Hugh Foot, following a well-trodden path for colonial governors, has changed his mind since he tried to sell the new plan to his radical critics in London, or else he is out of touch with, and out of control of, what is actually happening in the island.

Krushchev on Disarmament

Is there any discrepancy between the co-operative attitude of the Soviet nuclear experts at Geneva and Mr Krushchev's blunt refusal, last week-end, to permit international inspection within the Soviet Union? Probably not. For some time, Russian policy on inspection and control has been as follows: (1) she will permit fixed control posts for monitoring purposes, but (2) she will not grant mobile inspection teams the right to visit nuclear establishments. This means, in practice, that she will accept a controlled ban on tests, provided it is not accompanied by a controlled cut-off of nuclear production. Until recently, the West insisted that the two were inseparable, but over the past three months Mr Dulles has given some indication that he may settle for a simple test-ban, provided it can be effectively policed. Hence the problem of production control—to which Krushchev was plainly referring—is not even under discussion at the moment. The issue at Geneva, which is now being thrashed out by the experts, is whether a test-ban is self-policing or not. Hitherto, western government scientists have insisted that small, underground tests (where radiation monitoring is inapplicable) cannot be distinguished from earthquakes by present-day seismographic and acoustic detection systems. The Soviet scientists at Geneva appear to have invalidated this contention by presenting papers giving details of improved acoustic systems. Hence it may be possible to devise agreed methods whereby a test-ban would be either self-policing or operated by a small number of monitoring stations which would not conflict with Mr Krushchev's ideas on security.

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Kenya Africans' Demands

The latest move in the battle of tactics in Kenya is the publication by the African elected members of specific proposals to reform the Lennox-Boyd constitution. They are asking for universal adult suffrage for Africans, 12 additional seats, which would bring their number to 26 compared with 14 Europeans, six Asians and two Arabs; the abolition of the specially elected seats; half of the unofficial ministries; and the abolition of the Council of State. They are asking that these demands form the basis for a new constitutional conference to discuss the future political development of Kenya. Considering that African elections were first held only in March 1957—and then for only eight members—African political consciousness is obviously gathering rapid momentum. The most important issue in Kenya now is to find a fulcrum on which can be balanced increasing African demands for political power with the retention of confidence amongst those of the immigrant races still valuable to the country's development. There was some hope that the Council of State would act as a guard against discrimination from either side during this necessarily formative period, and that the special seats elected from within the Legislative Council on a racially proportional basis would pave the way to common-roll elections. Yet, as Lucy Mair points out in a useful article on East Africa in the current issue of the *Political Quarterly*, the Europeans believe that the Council of State will enable them to block the introduction of a common roll. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Africans desire both the abolition of the Council of State and the replacing of the special seats by a common-roll system. The sooner all this is examined by constitutional experts, the better the chance of compromise.

Detention Powers in Ghana

The publication and first reading of the Preventive Detention Bill in the Accra parliament is bound to cause some uneasiness among the friends of Ghana in this country. Last autumn that section of the British press which has always been hostile to colonial independence took a malicious delight in portraying Ghana as a country groaning under dictatorship. This smear campaign, the opportunity for which had unfortunately been provided by the unwise statements of Mr Krobo Edusei, was sharply checked when Dr Nkrumah's government showed itself in the Emergency Powers Bill to be firmly attached to the principle of a parliamentary controlled government, even in an emergency. This new Preventive Detention Bill, however, gives the unfortunate impression of stepping away from the rule of law. It gives the government power to detain its citizens for periods up to five years on the vague grounds of action prejudicial to the country's security or to its relations with other nations. We have full sympathy with Dr Nkrumah's determination to avoid the dangers of civil war and violent disturbances, and we recognise that many states have taken similar powers to those which he is now seeking. Nevertheless, those who believe that Ghana is setting, and is bound to set, the pattern for African democracy will anxiously scan this bill for safeguards of personal freedom, which only the provision for some recourse to the courts can preserve.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Angry Waters

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: Hope has been raised once again that the India-Pakistan canal waters dispute will be settled soon. Mr Nehru has stated emphatically that India will consider the question of canal waters on a human level, keeping in mind the possible hardships that may be caused to peasants on either side. The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr Feroz Khan Noon, has also expressed, at a press conference, the hope that an 'amicable settlement' will be reached within the year. Observers have read in some of his remarks Pakistan's withdrawal from insistence on the 'safeguards' listed in an *aide mémoire* to the World Bank in 1954 about her future irrigation needs. 'As an independent nation,' Mr Noon said *inter alia*, 'Pakistan cannot afford to have her vital water sources dependent on the whims and mercy of India.' This was perhaps an indication that Pakistan would not depend on supplies from India if she could help it—signifying possibly that Pakistan would not contest the Indian claim to the waters of the three eastern rivers in the Indus system, the Ravi, the Beas and the Sutlej. General optimism in Delhi does not seem to have been diminished even by the irritation caused by Pakistan's complaint to the World Bank that India had withheld the Sutlej waters in April and May, and the subsequent visit of observers from the Bank to investigate the complaint. The Bank team has been reticent about its findings but, according to many, it considers India's contention justified. India has pointed out that the level of the Sutlej had been low in those months, and that in any case the quantity of water available in Pakistan was larger than that available in India. Beneath the layer of hope, however, is discernible the cold touch of 'realism'; and this leads one to wonder if last year's disappointment will not be repeated. Last year, too, hope was raised by Pakistan's acceptance, in principle, of the proposal made by the World Bank—a proposal, according to India's Minister of Irrigation and Power, 'very similar' to that made in 1954.

Hope of a final settlement emerging from the present phase of the talks is discouraged by two factors. First, the determined tone in which Mr G. B. Pant, the Home Minister, has reiterated that 'we want to help Pakistan, but we cannot starve our people'. He also remembered that when India was willing to co-operate with the World Bank, Pakistan would never come to any reasonable settlement. 'The people of Pakistan,' he said, 'must realise that if there is any danger to them it is from their own government and not from India. We are well-wishers of the people of Pakistan, especially the peasants. If Pakistan's rulers have any sympathy for the peasants they should help them by executing projects like ours.' However true, it is felt in some quarters that all this need not have been said just now. But it was perhaps said with Pakistan's new plan for settlement in mind. The new plan, as known from press reports, is the second discouraging factor. It is to be discussed at the London talks, and its details are a well-guarded secret. However, according to some reports published in the Pakistan press, expenditure for storage facilities envisaged in the new plan comes to about $600 million. This is about 50 per cent. of Pakistan's earlier estimates of the cost of replacement and storage. Karachi reports speculate on the possibility that if an agreement is reached between the two countries on the basis of the new plan, its provision 'will take the shape of an international water treaty to be prepared under the good offices of the World Bank'. The implementation of the new plan, would take from 12 to 15 years.

It has been re-emphasised in Delhi, however, that the time-limit of 1962 for stopping supplies to Pakistan was arrived at after due consideration of all the factors, and that notice of this has been given again and again. India, it is stressed, needs the waters of the three eastern rivers for irrigating the parched areas of Rajasthan and the Punjab. Moreover, it is stated, Pakistan's withdrawals do not exceed ten million acre-feet of water, and the link canals already built by that country provide at least half the quantity. It is believed that the link canals required for covering the balance could be easily constructed by 1962. With all this, it is felt by many that the talks in London are not going to see the end of the dispute.

Washington

Bug and Counterbug

All that can save the Republicans from a first-class political rout in the Adams-Goldfine affair is the folly of Democrats, a commodity more and more in evidence. The Administration's stock had hit bottom when President Eisenhower, leader of the Crusade to rid Washington of corruption, was forced to admit his continued 'need' of Knight Templar Sherman Adams, who had been caught doing business on the side with Infidel Bernard Goldfine. But at that very point the House investigating sub-committee, controlled by Democrats, adopted a course that has since been winning sympathy for Adams and Goldfine as victims of a neo-McCarthyism. As in the high old days of the late Senator from Wisconsin, a Congressional body has been giving a public forum to reckless witnesses; broadcasting the flimsiest hearsay evidence, no matter how sensational and libellous; straying far from the purposes of legislation; and even getting involved, through its chief investigator, in an indecent contest of spying, 'bugging', and 'counterbugging' with the forces of Mr Goldfine.

The immediate effect of these techniques has been a deepening of hypocrisy on all sides. Mr Adams's role a few years ago in the Dixon-Yates effort to make TVA a poaching ground for private and predatory interests, evoked no moral outcry to speak of, though it dwarfed by many millions of dollars his alleged service to Bernard Goldfine. In the Dixon-Yates affair there was no symbolic *quid pro quo*—no vicuña coat, no paid-up hotel rooms, no oriental rug, either lent or given—merely a free and gigantic boost to a group of sharp operators at the expense of the public. Tangible gifts, it seems, make better politics. Many who had minimised the bestowal of a deep-freeze on President Truman's aide, General Vaughan, now professed horror at Mr Adams. And, conversely, those who were indignant then, including Vice President Nixon, now worked hard to turn up fine distinctions between episodes that differed only in the fact that the General's influence was puny compared with that of Eisenhower's chief lieutenant. Morally, as a Washington wag put it, 'I wouldn't know Vaughan from Adams'.

Even more marked is the cynicism among Congressmen, where outrage over the gift to Adams is unmodified by the fact that on Capitol Hill Christmas seems to last all year, as it does in the White House for that matter. Only now, under the pressure of the Goldfine publicity, has the Senate suddenly acted to adopt a code of ethics which has been long gathering dust in a pigeonhole and which is too vaguely drawn in any case to stop the shower of gifts. Few Congressmen have the amiable Puritanism of Senator Paul Douglas, who accepts no presents worth more than $2.50 on the theory that no Senator can be bought for less.

Congressional outcries over the telephone calls which Adams made to various federal agencies on behalf of Goldfine come with similar lack of conviction. Distinguished Senators like Kefauver and Symington have been named among those who were in touch with the Federal Communications Commission about the awarding of a television channel, and the chairman of the very sub-committee now investigating Goldfine has had similar contacts with the same agency. This kind of intervention with what are in reality quasi-judicial agencies is regarded as standard procedure. Is it an improper use of influence? Not as effective, perhaps, as a subtle telephone call from the Assistant President, but not pointless, either, considering the power of Congressmen to reduce an agency's appropriations.

Nowhere, probably, has the hypocrisy over the Goldfine case been more marked than in the cry of 'McCarthyism' by those for whom that word has only now become an epithet. Overnight, David Lawrence, a columnist who used to contend that it was McCarthy that was persecuted, not his victims, now solemnly bleats about 'trial by headlines' and 'statements twisted out of context by politicians'. Nevertheless, good may come of this sudden conversion to political honour. Now that both parties have been run over by Congressional committees, they may in simple self-interest agree to draw up some rules of the road.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Anti-Atomic Fizzle

A Correspondent writes: The West German campaign against atomic weapons has been running for many months and has won a great deal of support. In fact, if a plebiscite were held tomorrow on whether the Bundeswehr should be equipped with atomic weapons and Nato forces allowed to establish missile bases within the Federal Republic, it is most likely that both propositions would be turned down. Despite this, it is also clear that the anti-atomic campaign is becoming every week less of a challenge to the federal government; and the practical consequences, in terms of preventing official action, are almost certainly to be as unsuccessful as the campaign against German remilitarisation a few years ago.

When the protests first started the government was alarmed at the possible support which such a movement might have, especially when the demand was made for a plebiscite on the issue, and the state (*Land*) governments of Hamburg and Bremen, the city of Frankfurt and some smaller communities voted for such an expression of the popular will. But Chancellor Adenauer has never been a man to let things get out of hand. First, the so-called constitutional argument was

produced. Plebiscites are contrary to the federal constitution, said the government: they are an infringement of the rights of the central authority and of the Bundestag, the elected representatives of the people. (The constitution does not expressly reject plebiscites, it simply ignores them; and legal experts are having a fine time defending the different viewpoints). When, however, it was evident that some plebiscites on a state level would be held, the government appealed to the Supreme Court of the Constitution in Karlsruhe and got an interim injunction preventing such action until a final decision had been taken. At the moment, this is quite satisfactory for the government, since during this delaying period some important *Land* elections will have been held. The recent one in North Rhine-Westphalia was fought on the nuclear issue, and Adenauer won handsomely. Adenauer has also been quick to realise that the campaign against the opposition to atomic weapons must be carried more skilfully into the realm of propaganda. The placards and posters which the government have put out recently have emphasised its desire for controlled disarmament, and while Social Democrats base their campaign on the slogan: 'renounce atomic weapons and negotiate', the government counters with: 'negotiate and then renounce atomic weapons'.

The anti-atomic campaign has been officially sponsored by the Social Democrats; and it has all along been closely associated with them. So there is a strong tendency on the part of the public to treat it as a party political movement. Leading representatives from other parties or from public life generally who might have given it open support have remained in the background. The exceptions have been the scientists – specially the physicists. The inclination to rely too much upon mere emotional reactions and the lack of coherent leadership are obvious weaknesses which it is not hard for the opponents of the movement to exploit from time to time. For the older generation, the memories of wartime bombings are enough to produce support for anybody who condemns atomic weapons; but for the younger generation, far more closely reasoned arguments are necessary than are generally given at most meetings around the country.

Moscow

Voluntary Censorship

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: It is now becoming clearer that the Central Committee's recent statement on music was intended primarily to encourage people working in all branches of the arts to experiment more boldly and to assure them that, as long as they remain true to the general principles of 'Socialist realism', their quests will not be subjected to the sledge-hammer sort of criticism which was a feature of an earlier period – criticism which, it is now admitted, had sometimes emanated directly from Stalin's office.

The latest development on the Soviet cultural scene is certainly not a departure from the basic tenets of the Party decisions on ideological matters taken after the war. The Central Committee's statement and the follow-up article in *Pravda* could not have been more emphatic on that point. They stress the 'importance of the bonds of art with the life of the Soviet people'; the authority of Lenin is invoked to insist that art must be understandable to the masses; and there has been no significant shift of attitude towards what are considered 'negative features', though, it is worth noting, far more attention to artistic standards and questions of form is being called for today than previously.

But to the working artist it is the rectifications rather than the reassertions that are attractive in these latest statements. The victims of past mistakes – and they include the most distinguished creative artists – are noting with pleasure the use of such phrases as 'unfair and unjustifiably sharp assessments', 'indiscriminate labelling', 'peremptory condemnation,' and *Pravda's* sharp reference to 'wholesale criticism after which even a talented master involuntarily loses heart'.

What matters most to everyone concerned, of course, is the attitude of the Party to original talent. It is this that guides the hand of the party organisations which are expected to play a leading educative role at every level of Soviet life these days. The past few years have seen the dismantling of the administrative machinery of control over unions of writers, artists, composers, theatres etc. It has been replaced by new and, it must be said, more democratically operating organs – elected councils and party organisations. In a recent interview the Turkish exiled writer Nazim Hikmet, whose plays have been running at many theatres here for a long time, described the new situation thus: 'In the U.S.S.R. today everything depends on the theatre management. Censorship has become very broad. It is enough for those who have a little courage to take their responsibilities; there is no longer any direct intervention by the Party or the state. There has been a big change since the 20th congress: in the cinema, in painting . . . the era of Gerasimov is over. Zoschenko. Akhmatova are published again. . . . Let everyone work and create according to his inspiration, without being afraid of criticism. . . .'

Few here would go as far as that, for since the beginning of 1957 party members have been reminded on several occasions of their responsibilities for keeping intellectual life on the rails. But it remains true that the days of direct administrative intervention in the arts are over, and nothing in the new statement suggests they are returning.

Westminster

Leadership

We were back in the atmosphere of the Suez crisis. When Mr Selwyn Lloyd announced that the British government approved the American action, there were fairly general cries of 'Shame!' from the Labour benches. When Mr George Wigg asked how the American action in Lebanon differed from Russia's action in Hungary there were loud and prolonged howls of anger from the Tory benches. These were succeeded by Labour howls of derision when the Foreign Secretary, with the air of a man who is bringing a wholly crushing answer from his sleeve, suggested that the difference was that in Hungary, there had been a puppet government. Meanwhile, things were happening on the Labour front bench. Mr Gaitskell had agreed with Lloyd that the situation was grave and suggested that a debate should take place on the following day. He was followed – in point of time at any rate – by Mr Aneurin Bevan, who wondered whether the following day was soon enough for the debate and whose tone and manner suggested that he might immediately explode into outright condemnation of the American action and of the government's approval to it.

There for the time being, so far as the Chamber went, the matter was allowed to rest; but the debate burst out in the corridors and tea rooms. Here the line-up was almost exactly the same as in the Suez crisis. A small group of Tories were seriously disturbed by the government's attitude and a small group of Socialists, who thought that the Americans and the government were right, were increasingly disturbed at the way the Labour Party's mind seemed to be moving – for in my judgment, a majority of the Labour party had reacted more immediately and more strongly against intervention, by the Americans and still more by Britain, than it had done at the time of Suez.

Late on Tuesday afternoon, it seemed long odds that the party as a whole would vote to condemn the government's approval of American action. These odds did not appreciably shorten when late that evening it was learned that the Parliamentary Committee had debated the matter for as long as three hours. It was therefore all the more of a surprise when, the following day, a full party meeting decided, subject to certain provisos, and in the immediately forthcoming debate only, not to vote against the government. Officially the opposition intended to condemn the American action and the government's approval of it, but it did not intend to vote. This somewhat illogical attitude appeared to have been struck for tactical reasons. Some members of the party, it appeared, felt so strongly that the government was right that they would flatly refuse to accept a majority decision to vote against. That would mean revealing disunity to the world. The only way temporarily to avoid that was temporarily not to vote. Apparently this temporisation was accepted, even by those who felt with equal fervour that the party should vote.

All this left Gaitskell with an interesting speech to make when the debate opened. If he could explain to parliament why the Labour party condemned something and yet did not intend to vote against it, he would still have difficulty in explaining it to the country. Further he would know that the development either of events in the Middle East or of Selwyn Lloyds' speech might at any moment so infuriate the majority on the Labour benches that the delicate tactical balance which Gaitskell was trying to maintain would be swept away. Probably, too as he rose at the opening of the debate he was wondering what Bevan might choose to say at the close. In this he was not alone.

In the midst of such pressures and preoccupations, Gaitskell made a speech which on the whole was well-received – by the government side because it made plain that in such a grave situation the opposition was genuinely anxious not to divide the nation if it could possibly avoid doing so, and by most of his own supporters because by the free use of acceptable generalities it seemed to be making the right kind of noises. It was, in fact, a holding speech committing no one to anything. When he came to the question of possible British intervention in Jordan and elsewhere he became so non-committal that some of his supporters grew restive. He told the government 'not to assume' that they would get opposition support for such intervention. 'I must warn them, of what our attitude might be,' he said. 'Might be?' shouted some Labour members, 'you mean must be'. But it was clear that Gaitskell only meant 'might be'. One was left wondering how this holding speech could possibly hold Nye Bevan. It did not. Bevan gave a brilliant philosophic and historical discourse on the subject of rising nationalism in the Middle East. He stated the terms on which alone friendliness with that nationalism could be established. Then very quietly, almost, it seemed, as an afterthought, he said to the government: 'I give you warning that if you now decide to send British troops into

Jordan or elsewhere in the Middle East, you will have the responsibility of dividing the nation'. This at least seemed pretty clear to all who heard it. So was the explosion of relief and enthusiasm behind him.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Dog Bites Bitch

'Dog doesn't eat dog' was for long Fleet Street's favourite piece of potted wisdom. Those days are past. Figuratively speaking Fleet Street has become one great yapping kennel.

The closing snap in the latest of these in-and-out combats – that between the *Daily Mirror* and the *Observer* – was delivered on Monday. As is the habit of such fights, it has moved over a good deal of ground since it began. It started, it will be recalled, when the *Observer* launched a large-scale attack on the popular press – 'these commercial pillory operators' – for the amount of attention devoted to the matrimonial affairs of Sir John Huggins, the former Governor of Jamaica. Although the *Observer's* dislike for 'the retailing of personal scandals, actual or suggested, as news or gossip' does it credit, this particular story – at any rate in its first phase – was not perhaps the most suitable one to start a fight on. For the story would hardly have made the space it did if, so far from regarding newspaper inquiries as an intolerable intrusion into private affairs, Lady Huggins had not shown herself only too eager to tell all. I find it hard to share the *Observer's* opinion that there is something discreditable in the interest shown by most news editors in such lavish spilling of copy from such a source. It is, after all, not often that an ex-Governor's lady announces publicly, to quote one of Lady Huggins' interviews (that with the *Daily Mail*), that her husband is 'the victim of the 30-year itch. After 29 years of happy marriage he has run away with another woman'. This was as good as a society play. It would have been against human nature – and certainly news editors' nature – not to use it. Even in recent weeks there have been many stories much more deserving of the *Observer's* fire than this – although the later chapters, in which hordes of reporters bombarded Sir John Huggins and Mrs Hitchcock in an Italian hotel and forced them to take refuge in locked rooms, followed, I am afraid, the now familiar pattern which equates the holding of a press card with freedom from any of the normal obligations of social intercourse.

The *Observer* went on to suggest that press behaviour in such matters was governed by what one must, I suppose, for want of a better word call principles. Summed up, its thesis was that the victim must be prominent enough to excite the public liking for gossip without being sufficiently so to call out public sympathy and support, or powerful enough – or close enough to newspaper proprietors – to be able to bring pressures to bear on newspaper editors. This wounding observation was allowed to pass unremarked until Mr Hugh Cudlipp returned from his holidays. Still on fire from his recent successful joust with *The Times* and eager-eyed for fresh top dragons to slay, he hardly paused to call for his secretary. He finds that the armour of Knight Defender of the good name of little lady Fleet Street just his fit. In this particular case, as it happened, the *Mirror* had behaved with, on the whole, almost oppressive restraint, giving less to Lady Huggins' remarks than most other newspapers and standing aside from the general melée round her husband's hotel room door. But this did not deter Mr Cudlipp. He rushed instantly to the defence of his colleagues. 'Monstrous attack,' stormed the *Mirror* on its front page and called on Mr David Astor and the *Observer* to substantiate immediately, if they could, their charge that newspapers are so low as to take any note of the status (or power to hit back) of the possible victims of gossip journalism. Mr Astor's first reply to this was a little odd. He accused the *Mirror* of 'selective quotation' designed to make the *Observer* appear to say 'that the private scandals of powerful and ordinary people *ought* to be published'. But what the *Mirror* had said scarcely supported this interpretation, and the *Mirror* had little difficulty in disposing of 'Mr Astor's Red Herring'. However, I do not think it has succeeded in disposing so easily of his further charges last Sunday. The *Observer* then remarked that if evidence were required that newspapers, including the *Daily Mirror* itself, were apt to be shy of attacking those powerful enough to do them damage it need only quote the fact that although other newspapers protested when a political columnist on a paper owned by the *Mirror* group in Ghana was arbitrarily expelled from the country, the *Mirror* itself decided that discretion was the better part of valour and said never a word that Dr Nkrumah might take amiss. It added that the able columnist concerned had not even been found alternative accommodation by the *Mirror* group. This the *Mirror* on Monday dismissed as 'irrelevant'. But is it? Although the *Observer's* original charges were too wide – and in any case could not possibly by their nature be substantiated in detail – the *Mirror's* moral indignation strikes in fact just a shade hollow.

But the real point surely is that although quite a lot of factors may operate in determining who does and who does not get the full press treatment – that treatment has for some time been getting increasingly nauseating not only for the victims but for anyone who believes that even the socially prominent have some right to private lives. Another aspect of this journalistic attitude has been shown in a good many of the stories on the 'romance' of Robin Douglas-Home and Princess Margaretha of Sweden. Personally, I could not care less whether they marry or not. But it seems to me that elementary decency requires that they should at least be allowed to decide with some approach to the privacy that most people expect to be allowed in matters of the heart. It is, of course, very important that the popular press should not mind stamping on even upper grade corns when the public interest requires it. But is it not almost time we had a little less hypocrisy about what the public interest is?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Plan for Progress

THE breathtaking swing towards the Tories revealed by last week's Gallup Poll – it was uninfluenced of course by any of the considerations of this week's Middle East crisis – may be an even gloomier portent than most Labour people care to admit. If only it could be explained away by some particular reverse suffered by the Labour Party in recent weeks. . . . After all, every cloud has a bright side and, as the Tories are now experiencing, sharp political reverses can lead to equally sharp recoveries. The sinister element for Labour in the present situation is that there are no convincing grounds for thinking that anything in particular has all of a sudden hit Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues. They are just not very popular: and that at the end of a long period in which the tide has been flowing all their way.

By contrast, Mr Macmillan is rapidly beginning to live down the past. Economically, the middle class tends to believe that things are improving. Hasn't the credit squeeze ended, and isn't the government at last getting tough with the unions? Externally, most sections of the public are impressed with Mr Macmillan's consistent efforts to manœuvre President Eisenhower into the Summit conference chamber, while few people are convinced that a Labour government would have done much less badly in Cyprus. As for the Middle East, even the extreme perils of this week, if they do not end in total disaster, may, as at Suez, evoke some warmth of chauvinism or patriotism or plain nervous release which, on balance, will work for the government and confirm the impression that the Labour leaders are a bunch of colourless no-men.

It is against this background that the Labour Party is to publish this week-end *Plan for Progress*, the most revealing – and, so far as advance press leaks are concerned, the most revealed – of its new series of policy statements. If, as we believe, Labour has failed to gain the popularity it deserves because of the jejune public persona attached to its leadership, *Plan for Progress* is a particularly timely document. For it nails to the mast a new flag, and one which in the right circumstances could be highly attractive to the electors. Labour in future is to present itself as the party of economic expansion. Almost nothing is said in *Plan for Progress* about Socialism in any of its classical forms: all the emphasis is on running capitalist society more efficiently than the Tories. The Labour theoreticians correctly appreciate that economic security cannot be achieved along the path of the present government 'by damping the vital impulses of economic expansion' without, in the long run, sacrificing full employment, accepting a permanently stagnant standard of living and abandoning Britain's competitive position in the world. So, they say, let us 'take to the high road of expansion' and meet the need for stable prices and a strong balance of payments by the selective planning of both our endeavours and our resources.

There are a good many criticisms of the economic arguments deployed here which can be made. The document leaves unanswered many questions to which answers will have to be found before its slogans can be translated into practice. What controls, for instance, would a Labour government apply to defence expenditure? Exactly what sort of planning (short of the reintroduction of detailed physical controls, which *Plan for Progress* rejects) will be effective to prevent a renewed balance-of-payments crisis as we shift over from a restrictive to an expansionist economy? How, in any case, can the economy be effectively planned without a wages policy, to which the Labour Party does not commit itself and perhaps could not achieve?

The important point politically, however, is not to argue about the economic details on which the document is unprecise but to recognise the new persona which the Labour Party is offering to the public. Expansion (even if one is not quite clear what it means) is a very much more popular slogan than equality, which in Mr Gaitskell's sense seemed both unattractive and unreal.

Socialism, after all, in the sense of a collective state with the means of production and distribution and exchange in public ownership, has not for many years been the faith of more than a small minority of the Labour Party. But equality inside a free-enterprise, competitive society is a concept which is contradictory to the point of fatuity. If one may judge from *Plan for Progress*, as indeed from its most recent precursor, the policy statement on education, equality has now gone out of the window with Socialism.

The electoral implications of all this may not be very great. Labour in its new guise is unlikely to win a General Election in the foreseeable future, except when the country, through either disaster or plain boredom, is temporarily fed up with its customary Conservative rulers. But that has generally been so; and, if anything, Gaitskell the jolly expansionist may be better able to exploit local Tory weakness than Gaitskell the tight-lipped egalitarian. The real political implications, however, are profound. The Labour Party in its post-1945 situation has had to choose between seeking to persuade a relatively prosperous and stable community that the basis of society ought for long-term ethical and social reasons to be changed in the direction of collectivisation, and concentrating its efforts on exposing the incapacity of British Tories to administer the existing welfare state effectively. For better or worse, *Plan for Progress* suggests that the latter course has been chosen: Keynes, in fact, is preferred to Keir Hardie. It is an historic document – and a sad one.

Crisis Background

The Politics of Iraq

Iraq has been the keystone of British influence in the Middle East since 1918 when, after its conquest from the Turks, it was awarded to Britain under a League of Nations mandate. Since 1930 it has enjoyed an increasing degree of independence, but its politics have been in the hands of General Nuri es-Said, who took part with Lawrence in the Arab Revolt and has been a lifelong supporter of the British connection. Although Nuri has been prime minister 14 times, his position has not always been secure. There was a 'Young Turk' military *coup d'état* in 1936, which lasted 10 months; there w[illegible] pro-Nazi coup by four young colonels in 1941, which lasted four months and was ended by British intervention; again, in 1948, the Baghdad mobs, rioting against the signature of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of Portsmouth, seized and held the capital for several weeks. On each occasion Nuri fled the country but returned in triumph. In the intervals, he ruled through an alliance of top Army commanders (placated by large-scale donations of modern British tanks, artillery and jets) and the feudal landowners, who dominated Iraq's rigged parliament. All political parties were banned, the press censored; there were 10,000 political prisoners; torture was regularly employed and Nuri spent three times as much on the police as on public education. Since 1952, 70 per cent of Iraq's oil revenues (now in the region of £100 million) have been spent by the Development Board on irrigation, hydro-electric power, roads, industry and housing. Some of the basic projects are now complete, but the scheme has, as yet, had little visible effect on the daily lives of Iraqi townsmen and peasants. Moreover, Nuri adamantly refused to accompany this industrial revolution by changes in the social structure: above all by ending the feudal system of peasant tenure and breaking up the big estates.

The opposition to Nuri was twofold. On the surface, disgruntled ex-premiers and Ministers (of whom there are nearly 100), all basically pro-West but resentful at exclusion from office and Nuri's high-handed methods. None of them seems to have played a major role in the revolt. Beneath the surface, the leaders of banned political parties, who have a large urban following, and the younger officers, who look towards Cairo. Three men seem to be emerging as leaders of the revolt. First, Mohammed Kubba, leader of the banned Istiqlal (Freedom) party, who was the brains behind both the 1941 and 1948 coups. He is now one of the three members of the Supreme Presidential Council. Secondly, Sadiq Shenshall, now Minister of National Guidance, who worked with the Nazis during the war and also took part in the 1948 coup. Thirdly, Brigadier Abdul Karim Kathem, leader of the 'young colonels' group in the Army. These men are not fanatical admirers of Nasser, but they are violently anti-western (all are opposed to the Baghdad Pact and Kubba has in the past called for the nationalisation of the Iraq Petroleum Company's fields and refineries) and anti-Israeli. It is unlikely that they will bring Iraq into the United Arab Republic, except in an associated sense; there is a strain of coarse-grained independence in the Iraqis which expresses itself in resentment at Egyptian cultural dominance.

The Link With Jordan

The military coup in Iraq was clearly timed to coincide with a similar one in Jordan. Last Friday, however, King Hussein seems to have got wind of the plot and forestalled it by arresting or shooting 60 officers. For the moment, therefore, he and his strong-man Foreign Minister, Samir Riffai, appear to be still in control. Amman thus becomes the key to the situation. Neither Britain nor America has legal grounds for intervening directly in Iraq except at the request of the government – but that is now in revolutionary hands. But in February, Iraq and Jordan agreed to federate, with a joint government and armed services under joint command, although each also maintains separate local governments and separate representation at the UN. On the basis of this arrangement, Hussein has now assumed authority over both kingdoms and both armed forces. He thus has a legal pretext for inviting western military intervention not only in Jordan, but in Iraq also. He is doubtless tempted to do this by two considerations: (1) with Iraq in the hands of the nationalists, Jordan would be isolated and his kingdom could not long survive; (2) in any case, two-thirds of Jordan's revenues – including its military budget – are now paid by Iraq.

The Military Factors

But is the West in a position to intervene? Certainly, an *opposed* landing in Iraq would be out of the question. There are three RAF airfields in Iraq itself, but local forces in the Persian Gulf consist of two regular battalions in Bahrein (600 miles away) which are not equipped with air transport, two squadrons of Canberra bombers, and a small naval squadron. An *unopposed* landing in Jordan, however, is feasible, though perilous. At present we have 38,000 men in Cyprus, including three brigades (two airborne) of the strategic reserve. Two British carriers are in nearby waters. All available air transport planes are now being used to dispatch two further infantry brigades from Britain to Cyprus; but theoretically we have the capacity to transport a brigade, less heavy equipment, from Cyprus to Jordan in four days. American forces in the area, based on the Sixth Fleet, include three Marine regiments (totalling 5,400 men), which can be transported over short ranges by helicopter and Globemaster troop-carriers, and an air striking force of 200 fighter-bombers. The fleet carries nuclear and thermonuclear weapons.

The Threat to our Interests in Iraq

Such intervention, attended by military hazards of a high order, and by incalculable political consequences, could be justified, even on grounds of expediency, only if the Iraq revolution constituted a grave and immediate threat to western interests. Iraq oil, controlled by IPC (in which the British BP has a 23¾ per cent. interest and the Anglo-Dutch Shell a 23¾ per cent. interest), is the third largest Middle East oil producer, with a 1957 production of 35 million tons. This supplied (entirely through the Kirkuk-Mediterranean pipeline) 8½ per cent. of total British consumption last year. In the event of intervention, this supply would be cut, for the pipelines run mainly through UAR territory. Iraq is too dependent on oil revenues, which form over 40 per cent. of its budget, to initiate an interruption of oil supplies on its own account. The British air bases are only of local strategic importance; the US Strategic Air Command has no bases in Iraq – its nearest being in Saudi Arabia and Turkey.

The danger of a direct seizure of IPC interests can be discounted. Nasser's nationalisation of the Suez Canal came at the peak of the post-war demand for oil. We are now in the trough: world oil consumption, reflecting the recession in business activity, has remained stationary over the past six months and now shows a tendency to fall. Recent conflicts between IPC and the Iraqi government have revolved not so much around profits as total level of output: the Iraqis insisting that this should be doubled by 1960, IPC replying that present business trends did not justify an increase. Though only last week-end IPC conceded the Iraqi case, BP and Shell, as the Iraqis know, would not be unduly alarmed by a total shutdown in the Iraqi fields. The shortfall could be made up from the Kuwait and Persian fields, both capable of rapid increases in production.

The Threat to the Gulf

What goes on in Iraq is, however, bound to effect the politics of the Persian Gulf. Britain's three main protectorates there, Kuwait (annual oil production 56 million tons), Bahrein (1.5 million) and Qatar (7 million) are all ruled by feudal family oligarchies backed by British forces based on Bahrein. In the event of a direct conflict between the West and the Arab nationalist forces, the Bahrein ruling family would probably declare itself for Britain (the leaders of the Bahrein nationalist movement are in exile in St Helena), but Kuwait would probably side with Nasser (in November 1956, the ruling family warned Britain that any attempt to land troops would be resisted). Western intervention in Jordan would thus almost certainly lead to a shutdown of the Kuwait fields. Qatar would follow the attitude adopted by Saudi Arabia. The latter, now controlled by King Saud's brother, the Crown Prince, would be placed in a difficult position. The Crown Prince took over the government four months ago, after a palace revolution, on a programme of cleaning up corruption and establishing modern government.

Though friendly to Nasser, he pointedly refused to join the UAR or break his close connection with the US. Growing nationalism in Saudi Arabia, however, would probably force him, in the event of a direct West-Nasser clash, to declare for Egypt and shut down Aramco's oilfields (1957 production 54 million tons). With only two British battalions in the area, the West would be hard put to it to prevent these developments.

The Threat to Aden

Nor is the British base in Aden – which since the Suez fiasco has been elevated to a divisional headquarters – in any better position to bear decisively on events. We now have six battalions there (two non-white) plus three squadrons of bombers and fighter-bombers. But they are already fully occupied with local military problems. Two battalions are engaged on the Aden frontier, where Yemeni incursions have grown more formidable during the past three months. Two more are occupying the state of Lahej, the richest of the Aden protectorates and the one nearest to Aden itself. Three months ago, the Sultan of Aden rejected the British demand to participate in a centralised federation of the protectorates (with Britain in charge of defence and foreign policy). The governor thereupon ordered the arrest of his three chief cabinet ministers, two of whom escaped to Cairo. The Sultan was summoned to London; while he was there, his army, carrying with it all available funds from his treasury, deserted to the Yemen. The Sultan, learning that the British planned to arrest him, fled to Italy and is now probably in Cairo. The protectorates are in a state of anarchy, the Spring crops have not yet been harvested, and all British units are tied down by local security duties.

London Diary

ANY threat of British troops being involved in the Middle East will swing Labour MPs, with few exceptions, into fierce opposition. The party's failure to push the issue to a division in the House on Wednesday was due to the fact that George Brown and Alfred Robens, with a few followers, really agree with America's action. Bevan wanted to divide the House and was defeated in the Parliamentary Committee. In his speech in the House he stuck to his often-repeated view that such Arab revolutions as Iraq's are inevitable and are to be welcomed, while western interference can only play into Soviet hands. It is commonsense to encourage the growth of a non-committed bloc to include Nasser as well as Tito. Gaitskell probably understands this – he failed to lead because of over-anxiety about the consequences of a handful of abstainers. If he 'had insisted' on dividing the House he would have carried the mass of the party with him – all the way from Paget to Silverman. The tragic fact is that while in the House Nye Bevan spoke for the party and commanded everyone's attention, the country as a whole – and the listening world outside – is misled by the failure of the party to make it immediately and unmistakably clear that Labour opposes all western military intervention in the Middle East. A mass protest meeting has been arranged for 7.30 on Saturday night in St Pancras Town Hall; it will be intriguing to see who speaks at it.

* * *

Many MPs who failed to vote against restricting their own rights of writing to ministers without danger of libel are now kicking themselves. They seem to have been stampeded by the press; perhaps they were also over-awed by lawyers, who go on arguing, as Sir Lionel Heald did, for instance, in *The Times*, that 'qualified privilege' is safeguard enough. This is a typical lawyer's argument; the fact is that MPs doing their job, cannot run the risk of such actions for libel, whether they may hope to win them or not. They were dramatically reminded of what they had done on Monday, when a South Wales Member asked a question about the treatment of patients under the National Health Act, which the Minister automatically said he would look into if the Member cared to send him details. Immediately there were cries of 'Privilege?' Such details would be no good unless they included a possibly libellous statement against some doctors. Though the case is not parallel with the Strauss case, the Speaker could give no guidance. When constituents understand how seriously the vote in the Strauss case has impaired the MPs' ability to defend their interests, their protests may have some effect on newspapers which have been talking nonsense about MPs demanding special 'privileges' for themselves.

* * *

The danger of satire is a journalistic commonplace. That anyone should take Claud Cockburn's article last week as a serious and not a savagely ironic 'defence of torture', however, seemed as impossible as that anyone should have failed to notice that Swift's *Short Way with Dissenters* was ironic. Yet several people have written sternly rebuking us for defending sadism as an instrument of government. We ought to have known it would happen. I remember H. W. Nevinson many years ago writing a review of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* as if it were a new publication. He commended this promising young author to the attention of the public, and suggested that he might have a considerable career in front of him as a novelist. He received I don't know how many letters from solemn people expressing their surprise that he had not before heard of Dickens.

* * *

Mr Dulles's picture of a world divided between the hosts of God, led by himself as the Archangel Michael, and the hosts of Satan led by Krushchev, nearly landed us all in war earlier this year. Last March during the Seato meeting in Manila the Seventh Fleet was assembled at Singapore and the discussion was whether to support the Indonesian rebellion – nominally to help American oil employees, who are, in fact, quite alive and well today, thank you very much. If America had openly intervened, China made it quite clear that the Communist bloc would also have taken a hand. Dr Subandrio, who was a popular ambassador here and is now foreign secretary in Djakarta, warned the Americans against this folly. American intervention was therefore confined to the semi-official privateering of the CAT – the Chennault organisation which became notorious in the last stages of the Chinese revolution and which flew Kuomintang troops to the Burmese frontier, creating there also disruption and a criminal loss of life. Dorothy Woodman, whose book on Indonesia is still the standard work on this new republic, has just returned from Java after interviewing all the leaders, including President Sukarno, Dr Hatta and General Nasution, commander-in-chief of the army. She is no less closely acquainted with the leaders of the rebellion. This journal hopes next week to publish from her the first authoritative account of the rebellion which might easily have led to world war, and which, contrary to many newspaper stories, has been defeated by a government in Djakarta which has never been Communist, and which in spite of American policy remains non-committed.

* * *

One piece of Soviet propaganda which is still very generally accepted – and particularly influential in the ex-colonial countries – is that the USSR has behaved in a Socialist and anti-imperialist way in Soviet Asia. The current special issue of the *Political Quarterly*, which is devoted to 'The Passing of Colonialism', begins with an article by Mr Geoffrey Wheeler, who declares that the Kremlin has been just as bad, or worse, in exploiting and Russifying Asia as any western power. The myth of Russian benevolence is partly, he suggests, due to the fact that Tsarist Russia did not, like western imperialists, have to invade Asia from overseas. He also makes a crucial admission – that Russian and Ukrainian settlers in Soviet Asia are free from colour prejudice. It is, of course, this above all that makes the ex-colonial peoples hope that Russia is a friendly and anti-imperialist power. The other articles in this issue deal sensibly and objectively with the passing of colonialism in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Burma, Malaya and Ghana. But the authors all belong to ex-colonial powers and one would now like to see an issue of the *Political Quarterly* written by writters from the newly independent countries in Asia and Africa on 'What we have done with our independence'.

* * *

All the frightened people demanding stern action about last week's escape from Broadmoor should read the current *Howard Journal* (Howard League, Parliament Mansions, S.W.1, 3s. 6d.). Dr Patrick McGrath, Medical Superintendent at Broadmoor, writing on 'The Treatment of the Psychotic Offender', gives the best short account I've ever seen of what Broadmoor is trying to do, and puts into perspective the twelve 'escapes' that have occurred in the past twenty-five years. For example, some discharged Broadmoor patients, conscious of an impending relapse, ask to be readmitted for treatment – the efficacy of which you can judge from the fact that readmissions amount to only 5 per cent of admissions, as against 40 per cent in other mental hospitals; there is one nurse to every three patients – of whom there are usually rather less than 1,000; and as to security, there are degrees of locking-up and movement at Broadmoor, but 'maximum security' there (from which the recent escape was made) means something much more rigorous than you would find in any prison in the country – even the windows are heavily shuttered as well as barred. And 'any breaches of the security regime', says Dr. McGrath, 'provoke resentment among improving patients, who see their own privileges and prospects imperilled'. I suppose the strongest security arrangements are discounted in the public imagination by the fact that the staff are called 'nurses', which suggests white sheets and tender care. But the fuss in the papers was almost as asinine as the remark of the magistrate who committed the man to Brixton Prison because 'the Broadmoor staff had failed in their duty'. I often wonder how people would behave if they realised that, year after year, about 150 fresh murderers rub shoulders with them (until they are caught, if ever) in the streets and buses.

* * *

A rich vein of memory is tapped by the correspondence in this journal about childish misunderstanding of religious phrases. The anthem used to bid God to 'go vern and lift them up for ever'. I was much puzzled about the meaning of

the English verb 'to vern'. Again, I never really asked anyone, but I was grown up before I solved the mystery why 'the green hill far away' should have been expected to have 'a city wall'. The post brings me more examples. A correspondent writes that her young daughter recently asked what was the day of 'the feast of Agatha Christie'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I read that the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Brussels last week in shirt-sleeves and braces. This will certainly endear him to my husband, but not to me. I have struggled for years to stop him padding around the house like this. I'm not snobby about it. It's just that I think there is no faster road downhill for a man and his self-respect than in his braces. —Letter in *Sunday Despatch*. (N. P. Richard.)

The fancy dress parade was as popular as ever. One entry representing Archbishop Makarios and Colonel Grivas, guarded by two soldiers with tommy guns and carbines, caused a good deal of amusement.—*Sutton & Cheam Herald*. (M. Koop.)

Latest victims of television—Leicester's public conveniences.

So many people now stay at home at night that takings all over the city have fallen by about 12 per cent.—*Leicester Mercury*. (E. Hogan.)

Hic Jacet

The London Cremation Company has advised its shareholders not to accept an offer by the Amalgamated Tobacco Corporation to buy the Golders Green Crematorium. The Directors consider that 'a company formed to deal with tobacco is unsuitable to run a crematorium'.

I measure my grub in roentgens now,
And the cream I get from Devon
Can show you how a humble cow
Has a bigger pull than Bevan;
He can create a Welfare State
But *hers* is the Key to Heaven—
For that is the use of her Strontium juice
And Cesium one-three-seven.

So if I should die before the Fall
From a dose of Polonium
To a Conway Hall Memorial
I'd like my friends to come;
You mustn't smoke at the Ethical Oak
So it *would* be rather rum
To light your pipes in the solemn slypes
Of the Crematorium.

But if I die like a pig in a poke,
For God, Mac, Queen and flag,
It isn't a joke that my holy smoke
Should be confused with shag;
After the crash the nasty ash
Of stogie, pipe or fag
Shall never mix, this side the Styx,
With the Cobalt hunter's bag.

Can radio-active dust discern
The ruins of Golders Green?
Then, when I burn, my funeral urn
(If you rumble what I mean)
Will keep my ash from lesser trash,
So write what I have been:
The sort of bloke who liked to smoke—
But kept his ashes clean.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

A Latin American Union?

IF an Englishman and a Serb were to be lumped together as 'Europeans' and dealt with as if they were the same thing in an analysis of political events in this continent, it wouldn't irk them half as much as it irks Latin Americans to be treated as undifferentiated members of one vast community devoted to *siesta* and revolutionary plotting. Latin America includes a little fewer than 200 million people grouped in 20 strikingly different countries, many of which have national histories at least three and a half centuries old and national traditions which go back well into the darker periods of history.

It is true that Latin America—with the exception of Brazil—shares one language and a common Hispanic tradition. Yet, this tradition, even as early as 1810, when the wars of independence against Spain began, had become differentiated by the different elements of indigenous Indian culture which had mixed with it. Even more, the Spanish colonial empire had taken different characters in different regions; and at that time Colombia was a university centre of fame, while Venezuela, its neighbouring country, was a cattle-raising country with an almost Spartan army oligarchy. Peru was wealthy, royalist and aristocratic, and Ecuador little more than a sprawling monastery. During the 19th century, the poverty-stricken colonies of the south, Chile and Argentina, became wealthy and powerful as the main beneficiaries of capital investment from the Old World. Chilean copper kept Swansea alive, while British capital built railways and factories in Argentina. When the War of the Pacific began in 1879, Chile was an almost Prussian-like imperialist nation with a well-equipped regular army, one of the largest merchant establishments in the continent and ample economic sources to draw from. At this same time, the central American nations, Peru and Bolivia, were still living on the spent memories of their once glorious colonial past.

Today national differences remain as great as ever; the Dominican Republic, that comic-opera realm of brutal dictatorship and play-boy notoriety, exists only a few hundred miles away from Mexico, a nation which is the continent's pride, having implemented vast economic and social reforms in the wake of the revolution of 1910. Mexico, which has produced a Diego Rivera, an Orozco and a Siqueiros, is barely a few hours' flight from Nicaragua, where one single family has ruled army and nation for two generations.

Further south, Bolivia, where the National Revolutionary Movement of Paz Estenssoro and Siles Zuazo has nationalised the tin mines, abolished the army and implemented a far-reaching agrarian reform, exists side by side with Paraguay, the Tibet of Latin America, where life continues almost unchanged since the days of the Spanish colony.

Yet, in this enormous and almost unknown continent, a new common denominator is now visible. There are two countries, to which a third one may be added next September, which have enough in common besides their frontiers to make the dream of federation more than an empty boast. Argentina, Bolivia and Chile—this last being the third possible member—are living under democratic, left-wing governments with common views on foreign policy and economic affairs and a common desire to create a closer working federation than the one afforded by the lame and ineffectual Organisation of American States.

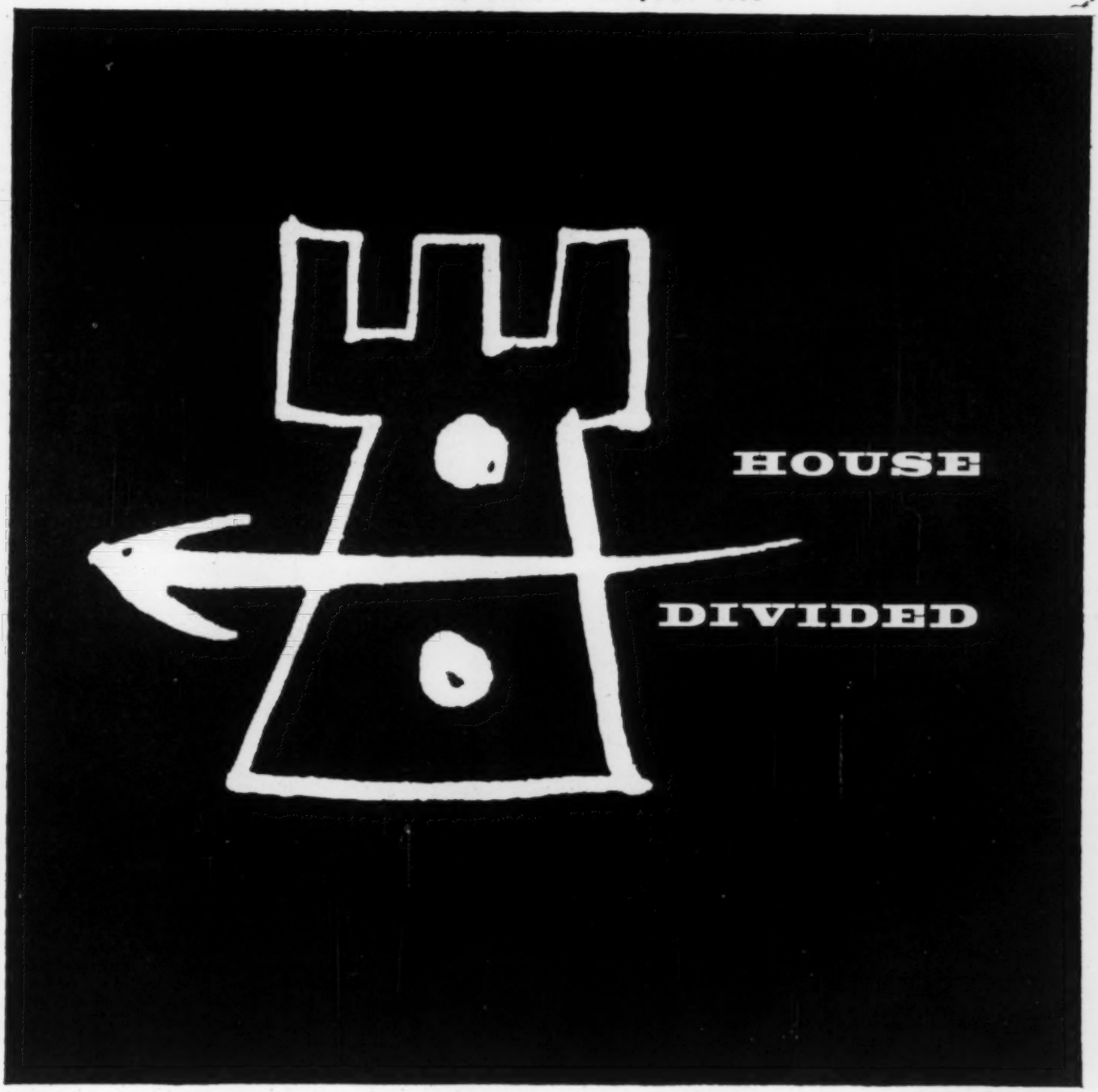
The membership of Chile is vital for the implementation of the federation plans; and so the Chilean presidential election of next September promises to be one of the most important ever held in the continent this century. Four candidates are running; of these, two have the best chances of victory: Sr Jorge Alessandri, for the Conservative and Liberal parties, and Dr Salvador Allende, for the left-wing coalition or FRAP (Frente de Accion Popular), which includes the Socialist, Communist, Democratic and Workers' parties.

If Dr Allende wins the election, which appears likely, one of his first moves in foreign policy will be to open conversations with President Frondizi of Argentina and Siles Zuazo of Bolivia to conclude an agreement for an effective economic union of the three nations. This will form a nucleus in the southern part of the continent to which other nations in the continent—Venezuela, Brazil, Mexico and Costa Rica—might attach themselves later on.

Economic union has been an old aspiration of the 'ABC' countries. While Argentina is an incredibly rich agricultural nation, Bolivia and Chile are primarily producers of minerals, heavy industrial products and raw materials. Their economies are thus almost naturally complementary. They are also interested in combining their strength to develop their fuel resources and to build a comprehensive transport network between the three countries and their neighbours. These are projects which have been lagging behind schedule for many years because of lack of capital and equipment, but which will be entirely feasible if they are tackled with the combined strength of all three nations.

An economic union of this type will have repercussions in foreign trade. These three countries have for long been anxious to start intensive trade with Africa, Asia and the Communist nations, but have been prevented from doing so by interference from the U.S. None of them could 'go it alone' against the commercial pressure of the US, but all three together can very well go ahead with plans to expand trade with any nation in the world. It is through trade with the Communist countries that these nations hope to get oil-drilling equipment and other heavy industrial machinery in quantity and under ample enough credit conditions to be able to proceed with their industrialisation programmes without complete dependence on US assistance.

Until only a decade ago, popular movements in Latin America were—with some notable exceptions—little more than 'states of mind'. They lacked even the semblance of modern political organisation; had practically no programme apart from slogans and no means of carrying these slogans into effect once they achieved power. Now all this has changed dramatically. President Frondizi of Argentina, for instance, has well-organised technical advisory committees which include some of the best economists and social scientists in the country. Many of these have studied abroad, and it is significant that at least four of his top economic advisers are graduates from the London School of Economics. The same is true of Chile, where Dr Allende's FRAP has formed a number of special technical committees to draft their presidential programme. These committees have organised themselves into a sort of Chilean version of the Fabian Society which goes by the name of a famous—almost legendary—Indian chieftain: Lautaro. Lautaro's work is mainly concerned with preparing a detailed and practical statement of Dr Allende's presidential



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The GKN Group is an open house, yet a full one. Open in the sense that it welcomes new ideas, new methods and new people; full in the sense that, between them its companies are as full of opportunity for skills and abilities of all kinds as a dictionary is of words.

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programme and then with drafting alternative ways of passing legislation and implementing the far-reaching plans of the coalition. Their work includes all aspects of policy, from economic development and municipal government to national health and foreign affairs. The experts working with Lautaro also include a number of graduates from LSE and Harvard University. Their work and their attitude differ considerably from that of the fire-and-thunder revolutionaries of a generation ago, but they may – in the end – prove more effective.

Lautaro's most important recommendations – from the point of view of Britain – are those in foreign policy. This part of Dr Allende's programme has been drawn after close consultation with the other progressive governments of Latin America and it is expected that if he wins the September election, at least three countries in the continent will steer their foreign policy roughly along these lines.

Latin America has for long been regarded as a sort of back-yard of the US both in commerce and in foreign policy. This is not true any more. Lautaro believes that Chile, Argentina and Bolivia – after forming their economic union – must pursue a common foreign policy totally independent from that of the US. This policy should take these nations closer to the position of the Afro-Asian nations which attended the Bandung Conference and, in Europe, to that of the British Labour Party and the German SPD.

A century and a half since Bolivar dreamed of a united continent, the new left wing of Latin America seems to be getting closer than ever to achieving that ideal. However, the presence in the continent of a few democratic and progressive nations should not make anybody think that dictatorship has been eradicated completely. Latin America, like any other continent, is a complex phenomenon where nations of the most varying characters share a common soil. All that can be said now is that there are more grounds for hope than ever before that some sort of democratic union may be in sight.

This is why the presidential election in Chile has become such a momentous event. Chile is the third and decisive partner in any plan for economic union in the southern part of the continent. With Chile under a right-wing government, any hope of co-operation with the progressive regimes of Frondizi and Siles Zuazo must remain out of the question.

CLAUDIO VELIZ

Rest Cure?

THERE are some prisoners in Her Majesty's Prison at Wakefield who are of the opinion that '. . . if you can't do your "bird" in Wakefield you can't do it anywhere'. Which, when you come to think about it, is the nearest thing to approval of a prison you are ever likely to get from a prisoner. And it must be admitted that this prison has gained for itself an attractive little reputation based on a comparatively successful let's-treat-them-like-human-beings policy; a policy which, to prisoners in less cosy prisons, has turned Wakefield into the image of a sort of penal Butlin's.

Before I was sent to Wakefield Prison in April, 1955, a very pink-tinged picture of the place had been carefully painted for me by both prison officers and prisoners in Lincoln, Northallerton and Stafford prisons. (Incidentally, I have never been able to discover why a prison sentence should involve such complicated and dreadfully embarrassing transfers to and from so *many* prisons.) Without exception they all made the place sound like some thoroughly organised rest cure. They told fantastic stories of swimming pools, of film shows every week, of never being locked up, of prisoners working in the local factories, of no supervision during visits of friends and families, of earning up to 15 shillings a week if one was unlucky enough to be working *in* the prison, of unlimited psychiatric treatment, of palatable food, of lights-on up to 11 o'clock at night and of leave. In the penal bleakness and comparative inactivity of a central prison like Lincoln these fascinating fairy tales were a great source of comfort. I had been told that, as a star prisoner, I should eventually go to Wakefield. It was like being told I should go to heaven.

Having, at the time, firmly believed most of this nonsense, my first impressions of the place were none too happy or encouraging. It is unreasonable, I suppose, but I tend to judge people and places on first impressions, largely because my first impressions stay longest. There was, for instance, that enormous, mediaeval door, specially designed to drain away any silly thoughts of escape; and then the officer who received and located us was an unhappy soul with a face like a florid, disgruntled Queen Victoria. His brief, ill-tempered treatment of us made Wakefield seem very little different from other prisons. And then, architecturally, Wakefield is depressingly the same as most other prisons in this country – in order to look out of the window in my cell I needed to be at least eight feet tall, and this cell was precisely the same size and design as all the others I had been in, brick walls painted and white-washed. I often wondered, lying in those wretched cells, what *kind* of person decided institutional colour schemes and if he ever saw the results of his decision. The bed was the same, so was the triangular wash-stand, the 40-watt bulb high in the ceiling, the matting, the chair, the buff-coloured book of rules, the. . . .

Then I began to notice the differences; there was, incredibly, a white enamel bucket with a lid to it which was for my exclusive use, an unheard of luxury this, for in other prisons buckets of any kind are as rare and as difficult to find as holy grails. And this was not all, for eventually I was told of other privileges or rather, such is the Wakefield 'system', other privileges casually appeared. There is constant hot water, true only two taps between 140 men or more, but, surprisingly, they provide nearly enough water. We were allowed to keep our razor blades in our cells – in other prisons, where they are regarded as weapons, we had them for a hectic, blood-letting five minutes every morning. We were not expected to erect that quasi-military tableau of the cell's entire contents for inspection (an absolute *must* at Northallerton). There did not seem to *be* an inspection in the recognised way. And then working hours, one soon discovered, were longer; which, as far as I was concerned, wasn't any privilege at all but is greatly considered so by most of the other prisoners.

There were numerous evening classes of an immense variety – one could learn French, repair shoes, make pottery, lift weights, debate, paint, listen to serious music or LP's, and so on. *But* there was no swimming pool, film shows were only once a month – none at all during the summer months – nobody worked in the local factories, nobody earned anything like 15 shillings a week, lights-out was at 10 p.m., the food is barely palatable, psychiatric treatment is still in the fumbling stage and we *were* locked up – for nearly ten hours of the 24.

Was it then, on balance, really any cushier than other prisons? I don't think the word 'cushier' is the one we want. It is not, nor has it ever been, the intention of the prison commissioners to create cushy prisons, but every effort has been made at Wakefield to fill the day; and how wildly successful this is! It is, in fact, overfull. The impression I got in those first few weeks was one of ceaseless, inescapable activity; I scarcely had a moment to myself. In the four months I was in Lincoln Prison I managed quite comfortably to get through the whole of Dickens (central or 'lag' prisons are absolutely splendid for catching up on the reading neglected in one's childhood); but at Wakefield, over a period of nearly three years, I was lucky to finish a couple of Agatha Christies. There were lectures to attend, music to be listened to, mess duties to be done, letters to be written, periodicals to be read, one's hair to be cut, cells to be scrubbed, fiddles to be realised, steam to be let off; one might be a member of the fooball committee, the film-club committee, the television programme selection committee, the messing committee, the education council, the jazz club, the theatre club, the adult school or even a reporter on the prison newspaper (published monthly). I found myself seriously having to compose intricate little timetables so that my social life would at least be manageable – when best to shave became an awesome, perennial problem.

This doesn't sound very much like prison, does it? And yet it is, you know. No one ever volunteers to stay – some even try to escape. For behind this amiable façade of frantic rehabilitation, prison routine is relentlessly in control. All incoming and out-going mail is rigidly censored; out-going mail is stopped if it contains anything invidious about prison; in-going mail is returned if the prisoner has not previously written to the writer. Even newspapers are censored. All prisoners have to work, and some of it is decidedly disagreeable work. The men are in real trouble if they refuse to do it. There are punishment cells at Wakefield, and there is nearly always some sorry scapegoat in them, for an officer's word is inevitably considered more reliable than a prisoner's. Bread and water diet is not unknown at Wakefield. And not all the officers there have much patience with or interest in or enthusiasm for the Wakefield system, because it is a system which demands longer working hours and a new attitude to the prisoners which officially has never been prescribed in plain terms. As one officer put it to me: 'You just don't know where you are.'

Where the Wakefield system fails most dismally, however, is in connection with the periodic 'laggings' that go on. About a dozen men a year are sent from Wakefield to tougher or less attractive prisons because they fail to 'toe the line' at Wakefield. The very fact that any convicted man can be excluded in this way from the benefits of the Wakefield system is a strong indication that this system is not very likely to become a general policy throughout the prison service. May not the prison authorities always prefer to have the intimidation of a tough prison available for the difficult prisoner? And yet it seems to me that the men who couldn't fit into the Wakefield system were in greater need of it than all the rest of us who conformed with such docile hypocrisy.

If you can't do your 'bird' at Wakefield you need greater understanding than the man who can.

EDWARD ROBINSON

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Interlude With a Bassoon

I WAS in London waiting for a publisher's advance. I was drinking a lot, and hadn't had a bath, a woman or a proper meal for months. One day in Soho I met Phyllis. She was very pretty and an alarm bell rang in my head. Once, some time ago, somewhere in Sloane Square, we had suddenly decided to run away to Burnham-on-Sea, but there were no trains. The small poem of the night died. The publisher's advance went further and further away, right over the huge mountains of Sundays and bank holidays and closing times, and Spring arrived, terribly late and uncertain. Still no advance. I was five years older since last Christmas and all I had studied were the tiny bored tropical fish in the Queen's Arms. My friends made love and wrote poems and backed horses all around me, they argued about cheques and definitions and ambushed you round corners in the enormous Sunday newspapers.

I was standing idly in the Chaos club looking at summer outside the door and wondering whether I should telephone my publisher to telephone my agent or my agent my publisher, when in walked Phyllis. She was wearing a sack dress and long laughing hair. You would never have thought that she had ever been on a Bohemian bar stool, her ego was well over the other side of Shaftesbury Avenue. 'Hello,' she said. 'You look miserable.' I told her about the advance, the publisher and the agent. About creeping years, asthma and poverty. She offered me a drink. 'If you thought right,' she said, 'you'd be rich.' 'What?' I said. 'It's a question of thought waves,' she said. 'If you have the right thought waves you attract money.' 'How high do they have to be?' I asked her. 'I'm serious,' she said. This was a new Phyllis and I at once suspected a man at the bottom of it. 'Who's the man?' I asked her. 'Which man?' she said. 'The mystic,' I said 'You're living with a mystic.' 'He's not a mystic,' she said. 'He plays the bassoon, and his name's Fred. Come and meet him.'

We walked out of the club and arrived at a public house the other side of Oxford Street. The saloon bar was crammed with clarinettists, trumpeters, drummers and pianists and there were quite a number of pretty, thin girls with brooding eyes. It was quite a different sort of collection from any other you would find in a pub, not as noisy as sportsmen or matey as business men, or as jagged as writers or poets. I met Larry and Al and Joe and Ned and finally, in a corner of the bar, Fred. He was a young man, and seemed to be looking inward. 'I suppose it's the nature of my instrument,' he said; 'the bassoon is difficult to integrate.' 'Into the band?' I asked. 'Into the essential harmony of one's being,' he said. 'Into the harmony of the Whole.' 'TheWhole?' I repeated. 'The universal thought,' explained Fred. I was rather startled. 'Do all jazz men integrate?' I asked. 'Some of the Trad boys,' said Fred, 'and a few of the Mod.' 'Not Rock and Roll?' 'Not Rock and Roll,' agreed Fred. 'They're spongers on the cosmic urge.'

We left the instrumentalists' pub and had a drink somewhere else. 'One's got to think in tune,' said Fred. 'That's what I told him,' said Phyllis. 'You've got to integrate hard for money,' said Fred, 'and you mustn't slant the wrong way or you get the money and the bad Karma. You're not in the groove. You're unhappy. Bad, hurtful thoughts rebound from the cosmic rim.' His face shone with goodness. 'Do you smoke dung?' he asked. 'Dung?' I said. 'That's what we call it in the trade. You know, tea.' 'Oh, tea,' I said; 'yes, I used to smoke it in Fez.' 'It opens the door,' said Fred. 'It certainly opens the door,' I said.

We went out into a little courtyard near the pub and Fred made a cigarette and lit it. At once there was the old smell of burning rags and backwaters and I was back in the little bright alleys of donkeys and thin cats. We shared the cigarette exhaling up wind, had a few more drinks and got into Fred's car where we smoked some more dung. It was strong dung and soon there was a slight lift, an inch or two off the floor. 'It needs a bit of an effort,' said Fred, 'and then you get into the oneness of all things.' I wasn't so sure about this. Dung put you on to a beautiful tight-rope, you giggled, marvelled, slowed down, and came face to face with every kind of reality except common sense. You were a spy, spied on, malicious, potent and persecuted. I remembered listening to Arab music in a mint-tea café, soberly smoking dung, and each swallow-quick note divided itself into the steps of an airy ladder for a leisurely, familiar climb.

But smoking in the car, flanked by dairies and newsagents was not luminous. One needed music. 'Could we have music?' I asked Fred. 'Certainly,' said Fred. 'We will drive home and I will play my bassoon. 'He started up the car and we drove to somewhere on the outskirts, a hideous new church, a kiddies' playground and bright green trees on the instalment plan. He opened the door of the house and we went into the drawing room. It might have been a room in a boarding house in Deal, heavy brown furniture and photographs of coloured men in tuxedos. 'Basin street,' explained Fred. 'As for the furniture I don't trouble to integrate with it, I'm not a pansy.' We sat down and Fred brought his bassoon out of a drawer and blew down it. There was a noise like a liner in a fog. 'I think it's firm,' he said; 'let's relax.' We relaxed and Fred started to boom, it was like frogs on a hot night, and out of it spiralled a tune which took me back to my brother's gramophone in Greenwich village in the Twenties and then to a girl during the war and I began not to feel so old and ruined. Fred was booming well, but suddenly I began to feel that sense of the ridiculous, that terrible idea of being a Martian observer. And I was also looking at Phyllis and thinking of Burnham-on-Sea.

Suddenly there was a sort of awful cough in the bassoon and Phyllis and I sat up straight with the shock. Fred threw down the instrument and started to cry. 'It's no good,' he said. 'The current's broken. I can't get back to the Higher Harmony. Somewhere something is out of tune. And it's not the bassoon.' I didn't dare look at him. 'Let's go to Reggie's,' said Fred.

We went down to the car and drove off to the other end of London. 'Who's Reggie?' I asked Fred. 'Trumpet,' said Fred; 'here we are.' We went downstairs to a basement flat and you could here the trumpet bottled up somewhere. We knocked and Reggie came to the door in shirt-sleeves. He was older than Fred, tense and wiry with deep-set eyes. 'Come in,' he said. 'I'm playing in the kitchen.' Fred and Reggie had a session in there, bassoon and trumpet, and I kept looking at Phyllis and thinking of a night train and a white hotel. 'You're working better, Fred,' said Reggie, patting him on the back, 'but you're not digging deep enough.' Reggie made some tea and talked about mental exercises. He wasn't as good-hearted as Fred, he was less simple, his mind was supple in Yoga exercises. He showed me a huge book on Buddhist meditation, breathing and postures. 'I could play the trumpet standing on my head,' he said. 'You've got to work, work, work, sweating out the reality.'

Suddenly the bassoon made that awful doom-like cough again and there was Fred flat out on the floor. 'He's dead,' screamed Phyllis. 'He's not dead,' said Reggie. 'He's hedging, not going deep enough.' He started giving Fred artificial respiration, and then Fred opened his eyes. 'I've been far away,' he said, and fell asleep. We carried him into the bedroom and put him on the bed, then went into the kitchen. We could hear him snoring right through the wall. 'He's new,' said Reggie. 'Poor old Fred's new.' 'Brand new,' said Phyllis. They were looking at each other, and the room was getting smaller again. Suddenly Reggie turned to me. 'Look after Fred, old man,' he said, grasping Phyllis by the arm and almost running out of the room. I could hear them going up the basement steps and then the sound of a car starting.

About an hour later Fred stopped snoring and I entered the bedroom. He was wide awake, smoking a cigarette. 'What's happened?' he asked. 'You passed out and Phyllis and Reggie have beaten it.' 'It's happened before after a duet,' said Fred, staring at the ceiling. 'That bassoon throws me.' 'I'm sorry,' I said, not knowing what to say. 'That's all right. Reggie's a thousand years old. Come on, let's get some air. Clean, pure air.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Pericles

THE achievement of the young Royal Court producer, Mr Tony Richardson, who directs the new *Pericles* at Stratford, is to have rehabilitated a work which, though admittedly second-class, has been unjustly undervalued, as we now see. No doubt a hangover of sexual prudery has been partly responsible for its neglect. A play that begins with incest, and progresses via murder and rape to the brothels, may easily be dismissed as 'episodic' when what is really in the mind of the dismissers is 'not very nice'. Of course it is episodic, and the episodes themselves may seem to us, whose imaginations are still impoverished by our addiction to naturalism, as piling on the agony altogether too thick. Whatever we may say, we are probably still thinking, with Lady Bracknell, that to lose a kingdom is a misfortune, but to lose as well one's identity, one's wife and one's daughter seems little short of carelessness.

The first problem of the director, then, is to persuade us to rediscover in our imaginations the ability to accept the fabulous. As children, after all, we believed anything in the world that the story-teller told us, and millions of so-called adults still do in their strip cartoons. Mr Richardson has an ingenious device for tapping that level of our fantasy. You will remember that in *Pericles* there is a narrator, Gower, who strings the episodes together with a running commentary in rough rhyme. Mr Richardson turns him into an African story-teller from whom just by virtue of his colour we are prepared to accept marvels. But then, to add an extra layer, he tells the story not to us but to a group of sailors on board ship and we watch the action as it were through their minds' eyes. Lurid, bawdy and crude, we can expect those minds to be, and so can comfortably shed three hundred years of sophistication, and

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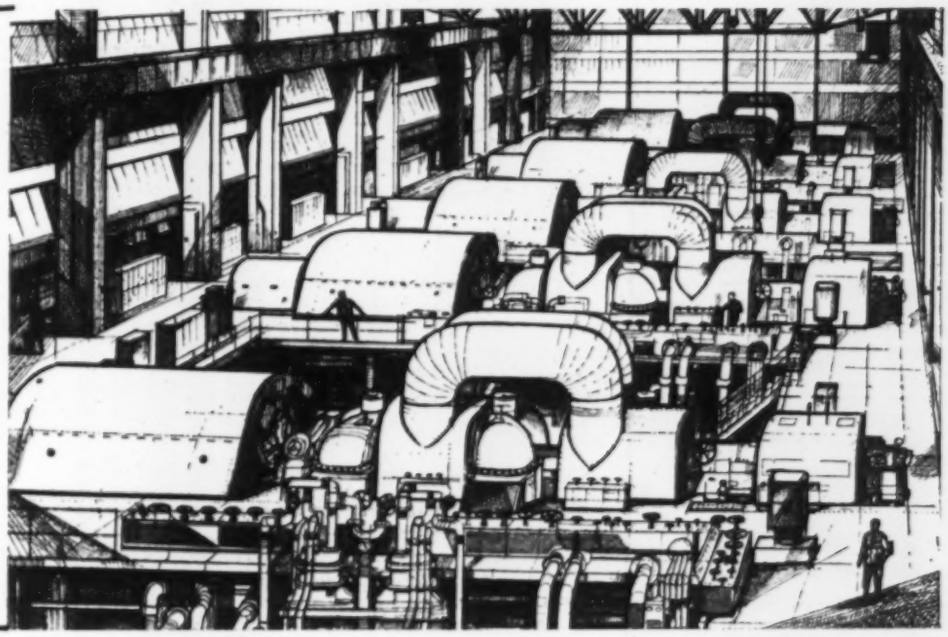

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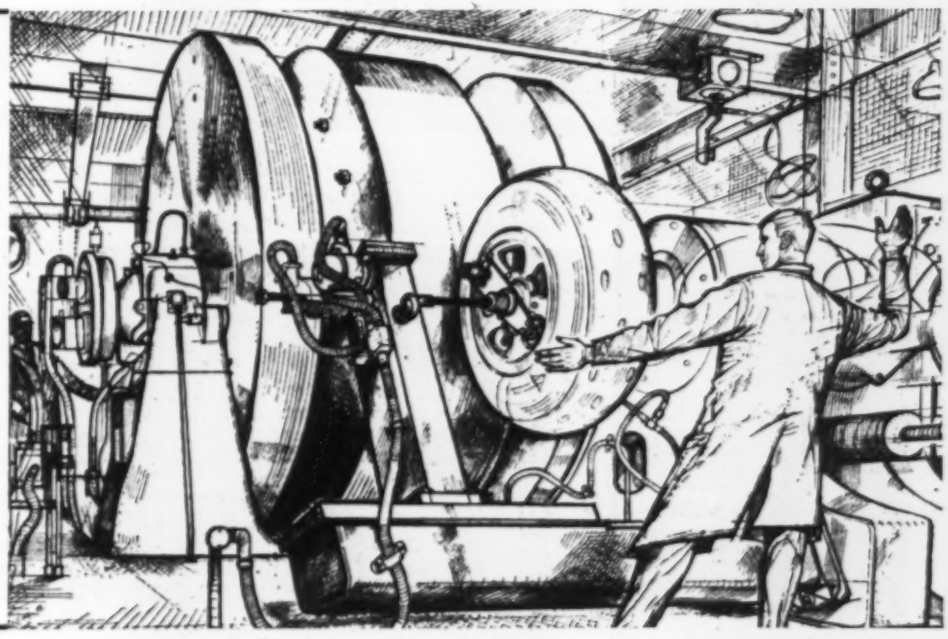

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give the lurid, the bawdy and the crude in our own minds a free run. Let the story be as roughly put together as you like, the action as violent, the emotions as extravagant, we have now a cover for accepting them.

This is an admirable device, simple but effective; and it is not only a device, a producer's gimmick. It is a way of getting at the true values of the play. The immense popularity of *Pericles* in its day indicates that there is more in it than we have usually allowed. And Mr Richardson is right to suppose that to get at that requires him not to play down the roughness and barbarity, but to find the convention in which they can be played up to the hilt. And he has found it.

Still, that is only the first step, and, despite the proverb, it wouldn't count without the next. He has still to create on the stage the extremes and extravagances that are going through the sailors' minds. On the whole this is brilliantly managed, and Mr Loudon Sainthill, his designer, has shown immense resource. Some of Mr Sainthill's decor recently has been too modish for my taste. But here he has put himself with a loyal imagination behind his director, and uses his colours to conjure up an immense range of lurid imagery. The permanent set is the ship where Gower spins his tall yarn to the sailors, and it seems perfectly right in this convention that from the rigging at the back should materialise the evil Antiochus and his green-faced daughter, and the attendants carrying their grizzly emblems – the dried heads of the failed suitors. This is just the image to set the tone, and so, one after one, the scenes of primitive emotion painted in primary colours will dissolve and materialise under Gower's spell-binding. All they must seem is extreme. The famine-stricken inhabitants of Tarsus, whom Pericles comes to rescue, must be on the very point of death. The storm, in which he is wrecked, must seem the worst storm that ever raged. The court of Pentapolis, where Pericles wins a bride, must seem the gustiest, the brothel of Mytilene, where Marina is put on sale, the poxiest. The feeling is somewhere between fairy tale and folk tale with a dash of the Arabian Nights. This calls for acting of only a purely formal or hieratic kind; the personages simply incarnate the virtue or vice that they represent. Miss Rachel Kempson must be the wickedest of foster mothers, Paul Hardwick as Antiochus, cruelty entire, Mark Dignam as Simonides, the the most roguish of Kings, Angela Baddeley as the brothel-keeper, the most grasping of bawds, Richard Johnson as Pericles, the pattern of knighthood in adversity. And all achieved their characters in this sense.

The most difficult of these cut-outs to bring off today is Marina. We no longer prize purity as the pre-Freudians did. Miss Geraldine MacEwan, as candid as a lily and as dry as a good sherry, found the happiest of mediums between the sentimental and the flip. A touching performance as the climax to a creative production which enriched our understanding and enjoyment.

Politics are the core of many lives. Yet few plays have reflected this, and those that do have been more concerned to push the politics than to explore the lives; and the result has usually been bad propaganda and worse dramaturgy. All the more welcome then is Mr Arnold Wesker's *Chicken Soup with Barley*, the Belgrade Theatre of Coventry's contribution to the current repertory festival at the Royal Court. Don't be put off by the title. This is a warm, human, touching play which tackles the problem of politics and people with remarkable success for a first play. There will only remain three chances to see it by the time this notice appears. Those who are interested in politics and the theatre should seize one of them.

The central character is a passionate woman, Sarah Kahn (admirably played by Charmian Eyre), who has three of the Jewish characteristics in excess – love of family, generosity, and idealism, and the play charts three stages in her life. Act I 1936. All her young friends are romantic communists. The Spanish war is at its height. It is the decade of hope. A successful anti-Mosley demonstration is in progress. Sarah can afford to be optimistic about the future and even about her shiftless husband.

Roll on ten years. The war has just ended. Her daughter has married an ex-hero of the Party who has given up politics. Her husband is in and out of jobs, but mostly out, and her passion is centred on her adolescent son, who aims to be a Socialist novelist. Turn ten years on again. Her husband is a permanent invalid. Her comrades are all scattered and Hungary has completed the disillusionment of her son. She sees him going the way of her husband. Old, tired, disappointed, she still has the fire in her belly. It is the fire not of an ideologue, but of a fighter. 'If you don't fight, you die.' But Mr Wesker doesn't idealise or romanticise. He presents his heroine as a living person, nagging and tiresome and tactless as well, and the play, in spite of a little sag in the last act, is painful, true and alive. The company masters its difficulties very well.

T. C. WORSLEY

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ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

—on the crisis

Juilliard and Cheltenham

BEFORE discussing the current Cheltenham Festival I must briefly revert to an event which got crowded out of this column last week but is too important to pass wholly unchronicled: the visit of the Juilliard Symphony Orchestra. In a Festival Hall concert under their regular conductor, Jean Morel, these New York students displayed a technical excellence, both individual and corporate, which was astounding and should prompt some serious self-appraisal among our own schools: when has anything remotely comparable been heard at either the Royal Academy or the Royal College? In the professional equipment of these players there was not a weak spot; if I single out for praise their first flute, first oboe and timpanist, it is through no want of admiration for the brilliance and solid euphony of the string and brass sections. Our visitors brought with them Walter Piston's Fourth Symphony, a relaxed and unusually attractive specimen of this composer's work which seemed distinctly preferable to his Sixth Symphony, performed a year or two ago at Edinburgh by the Bostonians. The programme, which began sensationally with the *Carnaval Romain* Overture of Berlioz, also contained Elgar's *Enigma Variations* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*. The last two performances had certain musical shortcomings for which the conductor must be held responsible. Mr Morel's exhibitionistic approach to both Elgar and Ravel was at moments distressing; but as an orchestral trainer he is clearly in the front rank.

As I write, the four Hallé concerts which provide the 'meat' of the Cheltenham Festival are still to come, but we have heard a number of new works in smaller forms, most of them remarkable rather for the ease and skill of the writing than for anything of vital importance in the content. Carlo Martelli is a young Englishman of half-Italian parentage whose Second Symphony created a considerable stir when given last year. Unluckily I missed both the public performance and a later broadcast, but I was much taken by a delightful String Trio of his (for two violins and viola) which turned up in one of the Third Programme's invaluable New Music concerts. A String Serenade played at Cheltenham by the Twentieth Century Ensemble skimmed along agreeably enough, but would scarcely have attracted much attention if we had known no more than this of the composer's work. The concert ended with an *Allegro deciso* by Robert Simpson which was an arrangement of a movement from his Third String Quartet, made (one presumes) on the analogy of similar versions of Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*; for this too is an extended and toughly argumentative piece of music. The argument holds our interest, but the music is too square-toed to provoke a more enthusiastic response.

Five works, all but one very short, were given at the Society for the Promotion of New Music's concert; their brevity, their predominantly spare textures and their tendency to employ some form of serial technique testified to the influence now exerted on the young by the music of Webern and of Dallapiccola. There was some distinction in the detailed handling of the slight ideas; there were striking gestures, neat figuration, a welcome sensitivity of the ear; what we missed was any kind of passion, the onward emotional thrust that compels attention. In some George Barker settings, admirably sung by Marion Studholme, Alan Ridout showed that he commands a finely sinuous vocal line which might serve him well with texts less obscure; of

the instrumental music the best was a thoroughly pianistic and thoughtful set of Five Piano Pieces by John Exton.

On Sunday night Elizabeth Powell, a pianist of impressive attainments, played with evident sympathy the second book of Franz Reizenstein's Twelve Preludes and Fugues – music which in intellectual power, technical mastery and sure sense of direction towered above anything else so far heard. It is strange that these brilliant and highly enjoyable pieces should have had to wait four years for a public performance (the composer has played them once or twice on the air). Though indebted to Hindemith's doctrine and practice, they reveal a highly individual cast of mind – that of a witty and sensitive musician and a first-rate pianist, with a feeling for French as well as for German keyboard style; they are not in the least dry. The whole set, published in two volumes by Lengnick, would adorn the repertory of any concert pianist.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Plucky Jims

WITH the 716 Green Line almost passing the door, the newly completed flats in Langham House Close, Ham Common, must be about the most accessible example there is of the New Brutalism. The term is used loosely here, because it would be rejected in this case both by the architects involved, James Stirling and James Gowan, and by the hard core Brutalists themselves. Nevertheless, if the interested visitor compares them to Eric Lyons's *Parkleys* flats to which he will inevitably have been misdirected by the Ham Common peasantry, he will see for himself that the term has some relative justice.

Parkleys, with its coloured panels, tile-hanging, pierced screens and bushy landscaping, is contemporary domestic at its most ingratiating, in a style that is now supported by most of the hearth-and-home magazines. Langham House Close is like an encounter with some Kline paintings or Hecht-Hill-Lancaster films – a smart blow on the head with a carefully shaped blunt instrument. Though a pile of science and subtlety went into the design, the visual image it creates is cheerfully free of suavity.

The scheme comprises three blocks; one of three storeys of flats jigsawed in pairs around three staircases, the other two of three flats to each of two floors, the plan of one block being a mirror image of the other. The construction and surfaces are the same all through, however; the window patterns analogous, though not identical. Coming down the side of old Langham House, which survives on the Common side, one sees first, in the middle distance, the window-wall of the first two-storey block, large horizontal picture windows, massively framed in white wood, and divided by a foot-deep 'rubbing strake' at pelvis level, also in wood, painted white. At ground, first-floor and roof, an equally thick edge of naked concrete shows through.

On the right, between this and the old house, one has a raking view down the entrance-front of the taller block, a craggy cliff organised in resolute set-backs and salients, of yellow stock brick, the same concrete, and white-framed glazing. The dominant white horizontals of the distant window-wall are confronted here by a forthright argument of concrete horizontals and brick verticals, with the windows answering and emphasising both by being mostly in the form of inverted Ls, sometimes with a further vertical light lying around a turn of the wall.

These windows, which will call for some smart re-appraisal of accepted ideas on curtaining, are the visual key to the basic method of the whole design. The structure, throughout, is of reinforced concrete slabs for all horizontal surfaces, carried by vertical piers of calculated brickwork, stressed in places almost to the limit of its resistance to crushing. Obviously, any brickwork that is loaded in this way extends vertically from slab to slab, but where it isn't, it doesn't, the horizontal lights of the windows isolating it from the slab above; conversely – and this is a purely visual device to emphasise the presence of the concrete – the wall under the vertical lights of some windows is formed by extending the concrete up to the sill, between two piers of brick.

The result is tricky, but perfectly clear – although the brick surfaces are continuous over quite large areas of wall, one sees at once what is load-bearing and what is merely infill. Around the staircases the structural method is entirely lucid, the landing-slabs, whether cantilevered or not, resting on brick piers below and carrying the piers to support the next slab above, much as one builds with toy building blocks. It is the architecture of imaginative common sense, yet it requires real guts to build like this.

It requires guts on the part of the developer to build in a style that lacks – as yet – a built-in, magazine-conditioned public acceptance, and to carry his intention in the face of aesthetic opposition from planning authorities – even at Ham, where contemporary has been successfully pioneered by Eric Lyons. It requires guts also on the part of the architects for these same reasons, and also because architecture of this kind arouses

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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

the ire and sarcasm of professedly progressive elements in the profession. Even before these flats were completed, the two Jims were under fire for a variety of design crimes they had not committed, and also – bless this house! – for being old fashioned. Just why it should require pluck to follow such universally agreed tenets of modern design as economy (they worked out at about New Town prices) and truth to materials and structure, is part of a deep-seated neurosis about Machine Age architecture that I hope to try to diagnose in my next article.

REYNER BANHAM

Sales Talk and the Real Thing

ONE doesn't read the *Daily Express*; one looks to see what it's up to – and I must admit this is often as enlightening as reading its rivals in the ordinary way. What it has been up to lately is boosting films. With the Biblical simplicity for which it is famous, it has been urging us all, in leaderette columns, to be filmgoers. How delightful in the evening to step out and see a splendid film, even two splendid films, and if they're British – that's something civilisation has been converging on for 2,000 years! And how the industry flourishes, and how rightly! Why, as many people go to cinemas as in 1920!! (And next year won't it be as many as in 1910?) Slump? Good heavens, no! Crisis? Pooh! The bigger the screen, the worse they get? Dangerous talk! The cinema has at last reached its golden age. So the Old Man smiles like a setting sun on us and on the film industry; which may well be alarmed (apart from any trivial worries of its own) by this well-practised valedictory beam.

The Crusade – for it's obviously no less – reached nonsensical heights last week with an eight-page supplement in the *Evening Standard*: '30 Years of Talking Pictures'. It began with an airy dismissal: 'The silent film, with a few exceptions, was not much more than a peep-show' (so much for Eisenstein, Chaplin, Dovzhenko, American comics, Russian epic, German shadow-play); and went on to boost the talkie age and the present moment in terms usually reserved for Empire Free Trade. 'The money men,' we are assured, 'look boldly into the future.' They look boldly out from the advertisements generously framing such words; but I fear the films advertised don't revive such pleasures or offer such hopes as obviously intended.

I wonder how many more cinemas, since these trumpetings, have decided to close down and how many more TV aerials have gone up?

What's the use of pretending? Now, if ever, is the time to call a bad film bad and panic panic. The pretence, I may say, is not confined to Beaverbrook papers. A mediocre British film has just been awarded the critics' choice in the West Berlin festival. This conclusion was reached, it appears, not without British influence and West German compliance. The film was *Ice Cold in Alex* (now at Warner's), and its originality consists in showing us Mr John Mills, that veteran of screen war, drinking for a time too much; but he's pretty decent for all that, and British neo-realism, under the direction of Mr J. Lee-Thompson, speaks daringly of latrines. Otherwise this van journey of three men across the desert, with of course a woman thrown in, seems to me as flat and barren as its landscape.

With at least one of these ready-to-wear war films coming out of our studios every week, it was a relief to see last Wednesday at the Academy a war film that was an experience in itself. *The Unknown Soldier* is, I believe, the first Finnish film to be shown in England, and its labelling in the programme as the *All Quiet* of the last war is both inevitable and beside the point. It is, I agree, the most compelling film of its kind since Milestone shocked us with his realisation of Remarque's novel. But there the similarity ends. Realism, and especially realism about war, has taken strides since; in *All Quiet* we had to accept a German point of view through American eyes and American voices; there was strophe and antistrophe in the advance and mowing-down first of one side, then the other, over a hundred yards' depth of front; the mouth-organ played nostalgically in the silence, and death was a butterfly on an abandoned rifle. I am not denigrating the older film; merely pointing out that *The Unknown Soldier* brings us closer to war, to wounds and death and a shrugging survival – even though its action is untypical of the last war, and it portrays a long trailing advance to the Russian frontier and inevitable retreat. No other film has given such a sense of men knocking along together, gripped by fear, joking, cursing, fighting, killing, dying sometimes horribly. One soldier sees Leviathan in the shape of a Russian tank rearing through the trees and writhes to lay the mine under it. A terribly wounded man at last gets the rifle barrel into his mouth and presses the trigger. Another carries a wounded youth to a hollow and bends over him; his blood drips on to the upturned face; he has been fatally wounded in the attempt. We follow the activities of one machine-gun platoon in advance and retreat, from the Sunday-picnic setting off in the woods, through landscapes and snows, with new faces replacing the old, but the Thing, the terror, the death-clinch ever returning. The enormous merit of the film is that the men live even though they die, and that we are moved by pity and terror. All we hate is the Thing, here so brilliantly and uncompromisingly evoked by Edvin Laine, in an episodic film of beautifully contrived parts.

It is ironical that this near-masterpiece, submitted to Cannes, was withheld for fear of offending the Russians. They said afterwards they had no objection; but in the meanwhile their own film had carried off the prize.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Drums and Tramplings

ON Monday morning, BBC television was to be seen at the unwontedly early hour of 8.30 a.m., because Eurovision was bringing us the *Quatorze Juillet* parade from Paris. The television boys were so excited about this, and about ten minutes of 'Afrovision' (from Algeria, via a 'plane 18,000 feet up, mainly wobbly and jagged, like an early Grafton Galleries futurist picture – 'look, you can see palm-trees!' cried the commentator) incorporated in it, that they omitted to seize this opportunity of mentioning, even briefly, the Iraq crisis, news of which had broken too late for the morning papers, though listeners had already learned of it from the radio news.

A broadcast of any exclusively military parade lasting three solid hours, even from a country – if only there were one! – with whose régime one sympathises wholly, tends to become almost insupportably tedious. One would think that the French of all people, with their well-known concern for the values of civilisation and their classical sense of logic and proportion, would have devised, in the course of 169 years, some less banal, vulgar, and incongruous way of celebrating the birth of freedom, equality, and brotherhood. (Yes, I know about the dancing in the streets, but this was the official observance.) Even a rain-swept 'carnival' at Seacliffe-super-Mud, Co-op floats and all, is less depressing . . . though perhaps climatic envy contributed to my indisposition, since the London sky was grey, while the commentator kept rubbing in (with such quaint phrases as 'the intense heat . . . literally bouncing up from the avenue') the perfection of the summer day in the Champs Elysées, the vivid uniforms, the horses and the burnouses, and the trumpets and helmets gleaming against the green of the chestnut-trees; visually, this broadcast would have seemed less monotonous if it had been in colour.

It must be admitted that, as this commentator, Robin Scott, emphasised, the parade had a special significance this year: it began with an inspection by General de Gaulle in a cavalcade of three cars that looked small and lonely in the vast avenue, and we saw in the cars or on the dais, fairly close-up, the charmers who surround him – Massu and the rest and, no doubt (but the picture was a bit fuzzy), Guy Mollet. It is also fair to say that Mr Scott did once or twice indicate delicately – almost, it seemed, grudgingly – some ironical aspects of the set-up and some political doubts and dangers: he remarked that the Arabs in the parade, some on crutches or limping pathetically – just behind a tricolour, once a banner of liberation – were 'being used *perhaps a little bit* as a symbol' of an 'almost desperate determination to prove that Algeria is part of

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France'. (He also told one good joke – of the sheikh from near the Saharan pipe line, in Paris for the parade, who saw the Eiffel Tower and said 'Ah, you bore for oil here, too?') But, noble as the Spahis in particular always look, it was sickening to see thousands after thousands of these wretched African collaborators marching dumbly through their oppressors' capital while the mob shrieked *'Vous êtes français!'* and again and again, with the auto-hypnotic staccato rhythm of a cheer-leader, *'Al-gé-rie fran-çaise!'*, and fat little *bourgeois* waved and squeaked their ridiculous *'eep-eep-eep* – RAH!'

Some of the most frenzied cheers greeted a column of parachutists 'very closely associated with the revolt in North Africa'. Again, Mr Scott had his tiny reservation: some might see here something *'perhaps a little bit* dangerous politically', a manifestation of 'extreme right-wing views'; but 'these are the tough guys of the modern French army . . . these are the men who took over Corsica – tough, independent, gum-chewing . . . an independent body with ideas of its own. . . . These are the cream of France's modern army'. Whether a military unit in a democracy should or should not be 'an independent body with ideas of its own', he was right about the toughness: these men looked what they are – Fascist thugs, as brutal, potentially, as SS storm-troopers.

I know how difficult it must be to keep up a running commentary on such an event for three hours – and, for a correspondent stationed in a dictator country, to sustain any hint of criticism. But the total effect of the BBC's presentation of de Gaulle's *Quatorze Juillet* was one of glowing, enthusiastic acceptance; and this was due to the general tone of Mr Scott's commentary, which was not unlike that of Mr Dimbleby reporting a royal wedding. Just a little more astringency or objectivity, or even a few pregnant silences, would surely have been possible. Again and again Mr Scott referred, in what sounded like ecstasy, to 'this *great* parade'. ('Big', perhaps.) He recited with equal relish a devil's litany of armaments: 178 tanks, 40 pieces of artillery, 422 ordnance. . . . He described de Gaulle, with unnecessary sycophancy, 'as one would expect, not wearing all the medals to which he is entitled'. He read a long messianic passage from de Gaulle's memoirs (expressly saying that he found it 'very moving'): '. . . a miracle of national concord . . . differences faded away and individuals disappeared . . . and I in the midst . . . an instrument of destiny'. At one point he said that the cheers for the Algerians showed that the crowds were 'determined to prove that the people of France are in full sympathy with the Moslem population of North Africa'. At another point the demonstration seemed to have convinced him that de Gaulle's government was determined to act 'wisely, strongly and well'. His summing-up was that the parade symbolised 'a re-found determination to make government in France a thing of validity and purpose again', and 'a burning desire to solve the Algerian problem'.

Well, this was France in 1958 as interpreted by the BBC; and this was Africa 'coming straight into your homes for the first time . . . a bit of TV history'. Perhaps, next time, the history – of Africa, not of TV – will be presented with less bias. But if there is ever another *Quatorze Juillet* parade, if the cataclysm is not upon us by next summer, I have no doubt that we shall see an H-bomb in it, and that the BBC will tell us, throbbingly, that this proves the unshakeable will of our gallant allies to be good neighbours and worthy fellow-members of the nuclear club.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

CONTACT WITH THE EAST

SIR, – Among academic colleagues there have been two very understandable reactions to the Nagy murders which arise from high moral and intellectual principles, but which seem to contain considerable dangers. I refer first, to the recrudescence of the view that 'we should have nothing to do with them'; and secondly, that 'there is nothing we can do anyhow'. I believe that the history of the Thaw shows just how important contact with the outside world is for people in eastern Europe and China struggling to carve out areas of intellectual freedom under very difficult and dangerous conditions. This is particularly the case with our academic colleagues in those countries. Absence of contact with foreign thought reduces the possibility of combating official dogma, deprives people of valuable information, and makes them feel isolated. Although contact and exchange has necessarily increased in the sphere of the natural sciences, it is still at an appallingly low ebb in other academic spheres.

Instead of reacting to the rebirth of Stalinism by a *cordon sanitaire* policy, we should now redouble our efforts to establish contact with our opposite numbers. Perhaps the major contact in the social-science realm in recent years, where a real attempt was made to discuss ideological differences, was the Amsterdam Congress of Sociology. This should have been followed up by an exchange of visits, papers in Russian and other journals, and so on. I do not think it has been. And in countries like Poland, the opportunity is much greater. Sociology, for example, is now officially permitted there once more, and a great deal of honest research is going on. Surely a little attention on the part of British social scientists to this question is not too much to ask when one considers the implications for the future of the world, let alone scientific research?

PETER WORSLEY

4 Park Lane
Cottingham
East Yorkshire

EXECUTION OF IMRE NAGY

SIR, – The letter of Mr Benedek of the Hungarian Lawyers' Association does not deserve a detailed answer. The Hungarian Revolution was a national uprising started by students, writers and revisionist Communists and joined by the entire police force (with the exception of the AVO), the whole army and the overwhelming majority of the population. This is the view of the United Nations Commission and of all independent observers, including some Communists. 'Our glorious uprising . . . has achieved freedom for the people and independence for the country. . . . We are proud that you have honestly stood your ground in the armed uprising and in leading it. You were permeated with true patriotism and with loyalty to Socialism.' These are the words of Mr Kadar himself on 1 November 1956.

Mr Benedek's letter really ought to be dismissed with contempt but for one point. And in that, I am afraid, I agree with Mr Benedek and disagree with the Haldane Society. The Society – in perfectly good faith – regrets the fact that Imre Nagy and his fellow-victims were tried secretly and that there was no appeal against the sentence.

Well, Rajk and Cardinal Mindszenty were tried publicly and were sentenced after proceedings which were later labelled as criminal by the Communists themselves. Mr Kadar declared: 'The Party degenerated into a medium of despotism and national slavery by the criminal policy of the Hungarian representative of Stalinism – Rakosi – and his clique'. All Mr Kadar forgot to add was that he himself had been a member of that clique: in fact he was Minister of the Interior at the time when Rajk was hanged. Nevertheless, Rajk's trial was – as I have said – public. And had there been an appeal in the

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Nagy case, the appeal would have been dismissed.

Nor do I doubt that the trial was 'constitutional' in the sense that the present Hungarian constitution makes judicial murder permissible.

Western readers must understand that comparisons with English procedure hold no water. A Hungarian Communist judge has about as much freedom to decide the fate of the accused as a member of a firing squad. Indeed, less: an over-scrupulous member of a firing squad may hold his fire and let the others shoot; a Communist judge cannot afford even that much.

GEORGE MIKES

24 St. John's Wood Court
NW8

NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Your correspondent in the issue of the NEW STATESMAN of 12 July paints too rosy a view of the National Health Service. He is regrettably misleading in stating that all doctors' practice expenses, both private and state, are wholly met by the Exchequer. This illusion comes from the fact that in calculating the central pool from which the doctors are paid, 36 per cent. is the average for the country that is spent on their expenses. In urban districts, where rents are high, expenses may take 60 per cent. or more of the gross income. Your correspondent should be reminded that the doctor is paid 17s. 6d. a head per year. Out of this he spends an average of five shillings on his expenses such as surgery rent, postage, telephone, and such secretarial help as he can afford. This leaves him with 12s. 6d. to pay him for the average five or six items of service he renders to each patient on his list. This can work out at between 2s. 6d. and 3s. a time, so it can be seen that the state is getting family doctoring on the cheap. Of the £700 million spent on the Health Service only 10 per cent. is spent on general practice—57 per cent. being spent on the hospitals—though not one new one has yet been built. If just a little more was spent on general practice, expensive hospital care could be lessened.

Your correspondent is being spiteful in suggesting that means must be found to see that the doctor does the work he is paid for. He is not paid much, and all the patient has to do if he is dissatisfied is to go elsewhere, or even sue with the assistance of legal aid.

P. F. KENNISH

44 Albion Street
W2

LEARNING TO LIVE

SIR,—What is this educational freedom, of which Mr Peter Oppenheimer writes? Surely it lies mainly in the community's capacity to provide a varied and developing service for the children and not at all in the private person's right of purchase. I agree with Mr Goodman that a parent's abstract right to contract out is largely irrelevant to this issue. The real question is how we are to enlarge the children's freedom, irrespective of race, religion, and class origin, to find widening opportunities of learning to live.

Of course the state has invaded quite a few 'liberties' before, such as the rights to own slaves, purchase army commissions and coalmines, or walk naked through the streets. On the whole we have made progress by abolishing these 'rights'.

Mr Oppenheimer admits that there is something wrong with the public schools, though he doesn't plainly state that it is that their good education is reserved for the rich. He wants to open the doors slightly, to admit a favoured few from the working class. But why not fling the doors wide open? Why should not merit and need be the main criteria? Why on earth shouldn't these admirable schools form a part of the community system?

Victory For Socialism, in its pamphlet *Equality in Education*, has, at any rate, put forward a practicable plan. It may well be that a better plan can be devised. But Socialists should not evade the issue that neither a classless society nor a national system of comprehensive education can emerge from our present class-ridden pattern of schools.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

House of Commons

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—I have only now read the correspondence in your last three issues as I was taking part in the 140-mile coast-to-coast march. May I add one or two points?

First, supporters who feel that if only we march long enough and blow our trumpets loud enough then the walls of the Establishment are sure to collapse are certain to be disappointed. CND is, and must behave, like a political pressure group. During the march across Yorkshire and Lancashire, we were impressed and moved by the number of people coming to wave to us and march with us, whose only knowledge of the Campaign came through seeing reports of this march in their local press. In this way the foundations for three new branches were laid, and at least 100 new members made, but to locate inactive and inarticulate supporters remains a major task; emphasis being in particular laid on the 'floating voter'.

After the drama of the big meetings and the big demonstrations the really hard work of consolidation must be pressed ahead. The incoherence or silence of those who oppose CND does, however, make it very difficult to keep up enthusiasm in branches, and in this context, whatever may be true in London, in the north, marches and similar 'direct' protests have a vital role to fulfil in keeping up the enthusiasm of our supporters, quite apart from their intrinsic value. There is a very real difference in scale between London and the provinces: during the coast-to-coast march we drew at indoor meetings an audience of between 120 and 150 people and this was acknowledged as very successful; one town informing us that we had a greater number of people than they had at their May Day rally, although both events were organised by the Constituency Labour Party. In Manchester at an open air meeting we had a fairly steady crowd of about 400, speaking in three hours to about 1,000 people, and our police escort discussed whether this was the biggest they could remember, or whether Dr Soper, some years earlier, had a bigger crowd.

Further, CND has achieved unity on a negative issue only—the moral and religious opposition to nuclear weapons. The time is ripe for coherent thought on the political implications of this stand in the broadest terms. We found that the advocacy of various conflicting lines of foreign policy disturbs the trust of the marginal sympathiser; and one can only trust that through the summer months, the National Executive, with, one hopes, the help of a delegate conference, will consider how far the movement can be united round a constructive alternative foreign policy based on 'disengagements' and the formation of a neutralist, or at least a militarily non-committed block.

FRANCIS DEUTSCH

13 Park Grove
Hull

THE BISHOPS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—The truth is out at last: God (we may believe) is responsible for nuclear weapons. It was God who inspired the scientists to invent the atomic bomb. At Hiroshima Mr Truman was but the instrument of the Divine purpose.

'For all I know,' writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in this manner'—that is, by universal massacre.

Not to be outdone, the Bishop of Rochester declares that it would be better for mankind to commit murder and suicide than to live under Communism.

This is a little difficult to reconcile with the teaching of the Founder of Christianity who believed, and died for his belief, that it is better to suffer evil at men's hands than to do evil to them. The conclusion, therefore, seems to be that we should get rid of the New Testament and return to the tribal God of the Hebrews who had no sentimental ideas about the sacredness of human life and no scruples about the means to be employed to achieve righteous ends. It is recorded that he ordered his people to destroy their enemies ruthlessly. 'Spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.'

I humbly suggest to the Archbishop of Canterbury that on the anniversary of the massacre at Hiroshima on 6 August there should be a Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey to celebrate this glorious triumph of good over evil.

This would also serve as a warning to the Soviet Union of what it may expect if it continues obstinately to oppose 'christian civilisation'.

KENNETH RAWLINGS

St Michael's Rectory
Lewes, Sussex

SIR,—If the Archbishop of Canterbury is right, what the devil is Satan doing? Presumably, leading the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign.

MALCOLM MACEWEN

31 Tanza Road, NW3

THE POLITICS OF DE GAULLE

SIR,—You may congratulate yourself. Attacked from behind by the NEW STATESMAN and in front by the colonels and *colons* of Algeria, Malraux has been sacked—Malraux, who fought against Fascism in China, Spain, France and North Africa, Malraux whom Mr Karol, Critic's Paris friend, found so full of Fascist undertones.

On 11 March 1958, I wrote in the *Daily Herald* an article called 'Could France turn Fascist?', a question to which I gave an affirmative answer and which ended '. . . those who have seen the danger of Fascism should strengthen the supporters of parliamentary democracy in France, advise the French Socialist Party as comrades, and recognise that the

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soldiers who may seize military power today are the men who will control France's atom bomb tomorrow'. On 26 April 1958, Mr Karol wrote an article called 'Will France go Fascist?', in which after a clearly implied conclusion that there was no immediate Fascist danger in France he said, 'What about a military *coup d'état?* My answer is . . . it [the French Right] isn't quite as stupid as that'.

Mr Karol's conclusions were as misleading then as was his interpretation of Malraux's press conference last week. I believe that although time is now running short, the proper policy for the British Labour Party is to support those democratic elements, including Guy Mollet, who are taking part in the de Gaulle administration and are trying to act as a counterweight to the right-wing extremists who wish to seize total power. Your contribution, so far, to the defence of parliamentary democracy in France has been to sap the confidence and undermine the authority of the majority of the non-Communist Left, who, despite the reports of your Paris correspondent Mr Karol and his London 'runner' Mr Paul Johnson, are fighting a courageous holding battle against French Fascism.

MAURICE EDELMAN

House of Commons

RETIREMENT PENSIONS

SIR,—Many who look forward to the relief of an ultimate retirement pension may feel some dismay from my recent experience. In the first place, I believe it is widely—however mistakenly—held that a man at 65, and his wife at 60, become eligible for a retirement pension; whereas this is only so where the full requirements have been fulfilled. In my case, after retirement as principal of a prominent school, I have had to wait many years—and consequently to continue in some employment—until the age of 75 without a penny of retirement pension becoming payable to myself or my wife. This has been necessary to fulfil the requisite number of contributory payments. At length the date has arrived and we jointly become eligible to a total pension of £180 per annum—only to be promptly informed by the income tax authority that £60 of this will be payable as income tax and 'as this cannot be *deducted* the amount will be obtained by the cancellation of "allowances" ' plus a maximum alteration of my coding number.

The result, therefore, is that from the age of 75 onward the *joint* net pension is £120 per annum—just over £1 each per week. This amounts to an anti-climax, as we will still have to continue working.

DISILLUSIONED

THE FORERUNNER

SIR,—May I express appreciation of the comprehensive account of the work and ideas of Jayaprakash Narayan contained in the NEW STATESMAN for 5 July. In days when the basis and technique of Socialism are undergoing reappraisal, partly because of the grave issues raised by the spectacle of collectivism manifesting itself as tyranny, and also because of the fear that public ownership fails to achieve personal responsibility and full participation on the part of the worker, this assessment of new proposals is of immense value.

The question for western social democrats and increasingly, from now on, for those in the East is whether 'Sarvodaya' has anything in it applicable to an industrialised order. I suggest that the spirit behind it certainly has, and that it should not be impossible to translate this into practice even if what emerges may not be spectacular. Narayan's fundamental principles may well cause a revolution inside those who are now bewildered or disillusioned, and give to Socialism the moral purpose it often conspicuously lacks or fails to express.

GWYN I. LEWIS

4 Townhill Road
Swansea

INDEXING OPERA

SIR,—I am glad to learn that Mr G. Norman Knight was going to opera while I was in my cradle, but the fact only makes his Index to Mr Rosenthal's *Covent Garden* the more perplexing.

Any book on Mozart is likely to refer to his most famous opera sometimes as *Le Nozze di Figaro*, sometimes as *The Marriage of Figaro*, and sometimes as plain *Figaro*, just as any book on Verdi will refer at one moment to *Simon Boccanegra* and at another to *Boccanegra*. It may be worth while to insert a cross-reference '*Boccanegra*. See *Simon Boccanegra*'. or '*Figaro*. See *Nozze di Figaro*'; but to list the entries separately is the very opposite of good indexing, because it scatters what should be assembled. If Mr Knight will look up *Figaro* in the indexes to Eric Blom's *Mozart*, Dent's *Mozart's Operas*, Grout's *Short History of Opera*, Seltsam's *Metropolitan Opera Annals* and Kolodin's *Story of the Metropolitan Opera*, he will find that in not one of these standard works are the entries dispersed under different headings. The Kolodin index, moreover, shows how effectively a very similar book of almost the same length can be indexed, with really useful sub-headings.

As for Mr Knight's use of dates as sub-headings, I can only ask anyone with access to Mr Rosenthal's book to examine the *Figaro* entry and see whether he can make head or tail of the dates inserted therein; they go like this (interspersed with page-references which dart about all over the book): '*1910-54 . . . 1897 . . . 1926 . . . 1947 . . . 1948-52 . . . 1953-4 . . . 1956*'. There are also two verbal sub-headings: 'at Covent Garden' (references between pp. 35 and 57 only!), and 'at its new Opera House' (references between pp. 147 and 235); just what 'its' may mean I cannot think.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

London, NW1

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have discovered a fourth *Figaro* entry, under *Figaro's Hochzeit*.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Sacred Cold

By purely literary standards, an anthology of extracts from the writings of polar explorers must, I suppose, be unsatisfactory in the same way as an anthology of passages from plays. A journey, like a drama, is an indivisible action; the significance of any one instant in its course depends, not only upon every instant that preceded it and their order of succession, but also upon every instant that is to follow. What the actor experiences in the present can only be comprehended by him and become *his* when the whole action is completed. To isolate, as an anthology is bound to do, the most exciting or poignant incidents in a journey is to falsify their meaning because the elements of anticipation and recollection which are essential for grasping them fully have been cut out.

But, of course, the real purpose of *From the Ends of the Earth** is not literary. First and foremost, it is intended for those of us to whom, though we have never seen them, the Polar Regions are numinous places which our imaginations worship with religious awe so that any scrap of information about them fascinates us. In this matter every reader has his own idiosyncracies. To me, for example, the Arctic, and anywhere that lies to my north, is sacred, but the Antarctic is not (though Cape Horn, somehow, is). I may rationalise this preference by telling myself that a land inhabited by Eskimos must be more interesting than a land inhabited by penguins, but I know quite well this is not my real reason which lies hidden from me in my subconscious like my reason for being fascinated by the Gobi desert but bored by the Sahara.

For Polar addicts a review of Mr Courtauld's book is superfluous; once we know what it is about, we shall buy it and enjoy it whatever anybody says. A reviewer, therefore, must ask himself what it contains which might interest those for whom, odd though it may seem to him, the Poles are places just like any other places. Though it was not compiled with him in mind, a student of the historical development of English prose may find it highly instructive because it allows him to compare sentences in which the subject-matter and even the sensibility are similar, and which only differ widely in the dates of their composition.

For example, here are three passages, one written in the seventeenth century, one in the nineteenth, and the last in our own.

> And albeit, by reason of the fleeting yce, which was dispersed here almost the whole sea over, they were brought many times to the extreme point of perill, mountaines of yce tenne thousand times scraping them scarce one ynch, which to have striken had been their present destruction, considering the swift course and way of the ships, and the unwieldinesse of them to stay and turn as a man would wish . . . (*One of Frobisher's officers*)

> After some alternation of commotion and pauses, and when all was still and apparently ended, suddenly the vast bodies in contact with, and immediately surrounding the ship, were in fearful agitation, rising up in grinding conflict, piece thrown over piece until the ponderous walls tumbled over, and the whole accompanied by a screeching and howling and whining which was absolutely hideous. (*George Back*)

> The pressure-ridges, massive and threatening, testified to the overwhelming nature of the forces that were at work. Huge blocks of ice, weighing many tons, were lifted into the air and tossed aside as other masses rose beneath them. We were helpless intruders in a strange world, our lives dependent upon the play of grim elementary forces that made a mock of our puny efforts. (*Ernest Shackleton*)

To the anthropologist Mr Courtauld has much to offer. In getting for their first missionaries men as unbigoted and observant as Hans Egede, David Crantz and Hans Saabye, the Eskimos seem to have been unusually fortunate, or, perhaps it was the missionaries who were fortunate in being called to preach the Gospel to pagans as lovable as the Eskimos. In this dialogue between a bigamous Eskimo and Saabye, it is hard to say which comes out better.

> 'Will the good God reject me, because I cannot reject her? You know that I wish to become a believer. You know, too, that I know him, and that I live like a believer.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I know all this, and I wished to baptize you; but, besides what I have already said to you, my masters in our country have forbidden me'. I unwillingly said this, and he heard it with some displeasure. 'Do you not think, Priest,' continued he, 'that the great Master of Heaven is more benevolent than those in your country?' 'Certainly, he is,' continued I: 'he is all goodness: he judges differently from man, because he knows the heart better.' 'I wish to be a believer, and I dare not!' said he, affected: 'but I will continue to obey God, and to avoid evil; and I hope that he will not reject me when I die'.

The same missionary tells us how he and his colleagues successfully 'christianised' the Eskimo custom of marriage by capture.

> The Clergyman sends for the girl; she comes, and after some indifferent questions, he begins his suit as follows: 'It will soon be time that you should marry.' 'I will not marry.'—'That is a pity: I have a suitor for you.'—'Whom?' The Clergyman names him. 'He is a good for nothing; I will not have him.' Then the Clergyman enumerates all his good qualities: 'he is young, a good and successful fisherman, sits upright in his Kajak, throws his dart with skill and strength, and what is most important, he has a good disposition, and he loves you'. She listens very attentively; her looks betray her approbation; yet she still answers, 'I will not marry; I will not have him'.—'Well, I will not constrain you; I shall easily find a wife for this active young fellow.' The Clergyman now says no more, as if he considered her 'No' as coming from the heart. At last she says softly, with a sigh, or with tears in her eyes, 'As you will, Priest'.—'No, as you will: I will not persuade you any farther.' Now comes a profound sigh, 'Yes'; and the affair is settled.

From the beginning, travellers had noted the extraordinarily permissive attitude of Eskimo parents to their children, but Stefansson was the first to discover the reason.

> When a child is born, it comes into the world with a soul of its own (*nappan*) but this soul is as inexperienced, foolish and feeble as a child is and looks. It is evident, therefore, that the child needs a more experienced and wiser soul than its own to do the thinking for it and take care of it. Accordingly the mother, so soon as she can after the birth of the child, pronounces a magic formula to summon from the grave a guardian soul for the child, or its *atka* . . . Let us suppose that the dead person was an old wise man by the name of John . . .The spirit of John not only teaches the child to talk, but after the child learns to talk it is really the soul of John which talks to you and not the inborn soul of the child. The child, therefore, speaks with all the acquired wisdom which John accumulated in a long lifetime, plus the higher wisdom which only comes after death. Evidently, therefore, the child is the wisest person in the family or in the community, and its opinions should be listened to accordingly.

No one who has lived with Eskimos ever seems to have disliked them. Even their shamans seem relatively benevolent. Of the many stories about them here, the most moving, perhaps, is a tale of cannibalism, told to Knud Rasmussen.

> Entering into the shelter, we found the woman seated on the floor. Her face was turned towards us and we saw that blood was trickling from the corners of her eyes; so greatly had she wept.
>
> 'Kikaq,' she said, 'I have eaten my husband and my children!' She was but skin and bone herself, and seemed to have no life in her. And she was almost naked, having eaten most of her clothing. My husband bent down over her, and she said:
>
> 'I have eaten him who was your comrade when he lived.' And my husband answered: 'You had the will to live, and so you are still alive'.

Those who are more interested in their own people than in primitive cultures can also learn much from Mr Courtauld's selections about the behaviour of Europeans in situations of crisis. Behaviour as atrocious as that of the mutineers who cast Hudson and eight other men adrift in a shallop seems to be rare. John Franklin is illuminating about the effect of hunger and immobility upon men who are snowed up.

> Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportionate to our strength.

Frank Debenham points out the difference, when pulling sledges over miles of snow, between the leader of the expedition and being one of the

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* *From the Ends of the Earth.* An Anthology of Polar Writings found by AUGUSTINE COURTAULD. *Oxford.* 21s.

followers. The thoughts of the latter naturally run rather to the affairs of the day and

> . . . the break for meals or even the hourly halt becomes a milestone in this process of thought. Thus, should the leader not call a halt until long after the established mealtime he may set his companions' thoughts 'fussing' until they build up a minor grievance. The leader himself is very much better off, for he knows exactly what he proposes to do, he has the choice of route to occupy his mind, and altogether he is much more mentally free and alert than his companions.

Explorers themselves are the last people to be able to tell us what particular combination of motives urges them to choose their particular path to glory and, often enough, the grave. If they knew they would probably not be explorers. What they can say is the kind of man who is most likely to stand up to the physical and psychological hardships of their vocation.

> Other things being equal, the men with the greatest store of nervous energy came best through this expedition. Having more imagination, they have a worse time than their more phlegmatic companions; but they get things done . . . If you want a good polar traveller, get a man without too much muscle, with good physical tone, and let his mind be on wires – of steel. And if you can't get both, sacrifice physique and bank on will. (*Cherry-Garrard*)

Mr Courtauld divides the history of polar exploration into five epochs, the Ages of Conjecture, the Vikings, the Merchant Adventurers, the Navy and, lastly, the Age of Attainment. With the establishment of permanent air-bases, a Sixth Age, the Age of Exploitation, has already begun. The prospect, even if we assume that all the political problems are peacefully and justly solved, is unalluring. *The Northern Lights Hotel, The Igloo Snack-Bar, The Southern Cross Night-Club;* aeroplanes named *The William Barents, The Edgar Christian, The Gino Watkins*; organised bear-hunting expeditions. For the Polar addict the only consolation is the hope that, at our present rate of progress, in fifty years time we shall be ruining the moon and both Poles will have become madly unfashionable.

W. H. AUDEN

For an Ex-Far East Prisoner of War

I am that man with helmet made of thorn
Who wandered naked in the desert place,
Wept, with the sweating sky, that I was born
And wore disaster in my winter face.

I am that man who asked no hate, nor pity.
I am that man, five-wounded, on the tree.
I am that man, walking his native city,
Hears his dead comrade cry, *Remember me!*

I am that man whose brow with blood was wet,
Returned, as Lazarus, from the dead to live.
I am that man, long-counselled to forget,
Facing a fearful victory, to forgive:

And seizing these two words, with the sharp sun
Beat them, like sword and ploughshare, into one.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Self-Preservation

The Fearful Choice: A Debate conducted by PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Archbishop's reply to Philip Toynbee's appeal for unilateral nuclear disarmament is said to have shocked a lot of people. To me it seems exactly what a good churchman should say. If you believe that a personal deity created the world, including the human animal, and then decided to regard as wicked certain actions he disliked and to drown the lot (except one family) in order to teach them a lesson, then is it not logical and doctrinally correct also to think the time may have come when 'it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself'? After all, the prophecy ran 'no more water but fire next time', and it would need a nuclear fire to do the job properly. His Grace is clearly aware of the imminence of God's wrath and prepared to face it with proper Christian humility.

Not so Mr Roy Harrod whose contribution I find much more shocking because an Oxford don ought, it seems to me, to be better informed on the most vital topic of the day, than, say the average reader of the *Daily Sketch*. He could not have written his reply to Philip Toynbee if he had ever read any article on the subject in the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Observer* or any of the informed political weeklies.

Referring to Mr Toynbee's phrase about the agony involved in nuclear war, Mr Harrod, while admitting that there might be an unfortunate 'fringe', writes: 'I should have thought that the great majority would be extinguished instantaneously – a happy end'. He is clearly unaware that many are still dying from cancer of the bone or blood in Hiroshima today, 13 years after the explosion; that a new hospital for the victims of this first explosion has had recently to be built in Japan; that hundreds, perhaps many hundreds, are still going about such duties as their disease enables them to perform in the conviction that they have this terrible death awaiting them. More important he does not know that apart from those killed by blast in the 1945 explosions (one thousandth of the size of a present H-bomb explosion) the 'fringe' of people who died slowly, taking days or months to die by radiation burning, amounted to tens of thousands. The pain of this death is the most terrible pain known to man. Our daily papers do not tell us these things which no doubt explains why Mr Harrod does not know them. What I find inexcusable is that he should say: 'I don't for a moment believe that a nuclear war will take place, I think there is something called an instinct of self-preservation . . . I am not frightened! But if it comes, well that is part of our trial; the human race will survive'.

No one has the right to be heard who says anything as ignorant and dogmatic as this. Possibly there will not be a nuclear war, though at the moment it is hard to see how it is to be avoided. Possibly too the human race will survive – though that too is not an easy faith to justify. If a nuclear war does happen it will be because there is a blind instinct of self-preservation, not in spite of it. All those who scout Mr Toynbee's appeal – and some of them argue very ably and reasonably against him – wish to be armed with the nuclear deterrent just because they regard it as a method of self-preservation; that is why Mr Krushchev and Mr Dulles want the weapon and why all the soldiers and leaders of all the countries now actively plan to use it; why the Nato

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JONATHAN CAPE

powers, for instance, have said they would use it first in a war with Russia. If they do use it, paradoxical though it sounds, they will do so in the belief that it is the only means of self-preservation.

The argument about self-preservation and deterrence is trivial and thoughtless. At the moment the nuclear powers will probably not start war against each other except in the event of an accident causing one to believe that the other has begun it – a contingency that so alarms them that they are reluctantly agreeing to discussing it on a technical level. But great wars do not always start deliberately. Wars waged with conventional weapons (which may include today shells with the potency of the bomb that dropped on Hiroshima) may only too easily develop into full-scale H-bomb wars. This danger will be vastly increased by the threatened spread of nuclear weapons to China, France, Germany, Italy and many Nato countries in the course of the next few years; if this happens it does seem improbable that there will never be a nuclear war. If such a war is avoided, it will not be because, say, Turkey and Greece or Egypt and Israel have an instinct of self-preservation, but because institutions will have been devised to prevent such a war.

The human race will survive? Maybe. It depends on the number of H-bombs used. The scientists do not know just how many are required to end life on the planet, but it is probably less than those already in stock in Russia and the United States. Unlike Mr Harrod, and most of the contributors to this illuminating little book, I am troubled by two other aspects that he has overlooked. First, the parts of the human race that would be most likely to survive would be most widely scattered, the least advanced and civilised. They would certainly not include the British, whose part in world civilisation I still rate high. Unlike him I am frightened of this. As the most advanced base of nuclear arms we are the most exposed and vulnerable; we come first for destruction. The second point is that those who do survive a nuclear war would include a horribly large proportion of imbeciles and monsters. Mr Harrod should read Huxley's *Ape and Essence*. The scientists cannot yet tell us the statistics of genetic change caused by increased radiation, but that they increase with every nuclear test seems to be agreed. The solemn decision permanently to poison the human stock weighs on my conscience.

Today, seeing no serious chance of nuclear disarmament by the two giant powers and the almost certain prospect of many other powers joining the suicide club unless some very drastic step is taken to call a halt, I favour Mr Toynbee's argument. Some one must break the nuclear circle; some power with nuclear weapons must say: 'You can count me out of this catastrophic game of cut-throat; aren't any of you fellows also going to do the same?' Only then, it seems to me, is there even a chance of ending the peril in which the human race now finds itself. We need knowledge and sanity as well as an instinct of self-preservation. The dinosaurs also had such an instinct, and so did Hitler.

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The Portuguese Escape. By ANN BRIDGE. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

Two Women is on the way to being a splendid novel, marred only by Signor Moravia's besetting sin, which is a degree of sexual falsity. It was at the core of *A Woman of Rome*; here, however, it is in a sense only incidental, a part of the over-simplification of theme, which is that war crumbles moral structure, turning an honest (or fairly honest) woman into a thief and an innocent girl into a prostitute.

The background is the last year of the war in Italy. Cesira, a widow, prosperous, shallow and brainless, keeps a grocer's shop in Rome. There is a good deal of muddle everywhere and the Food Control police have to be bribed; otherwise, you wouldn't know there was a war on. There is plenty of money to be made under the counter, and Cesira is at first cheerful.

> Let them slaughter each other as much as they pleased, with aeroplanes, with tanks, with bombs, I thought; my shop and my flat were all I needed to be happy, which indeed I was.

She reads the papers, but only for the crime stories. Her entire emotional life centres around her daughter Rosetta, a docile girl of 17, who seems content in apron strings. But then Mussolini comes back, the Germans with him; it is rumoured that the English will be coming soon and that the Duce is prepared to reduce Rome to ruins, provided the English are kept out. Cesira has sold out her stock too quickly, and there is a threat of famine. She takes fright and leaves her flat, Rosetta in tow, to seek shelter with relations in the country. She is sure that in the country there is no war and plenty of food.

But their destination has been bombed; they are forced to wander with homeless peasants in the mountains, grabbing such food as they can, dodging out of the way of the fighting, and praying for an English victory to put an end to it all. The Allies arrive, bringing, to the two women, only disaster. One day, when sitting coolly in a church out of the blaze of the sun, they are attacked by Moroccan soldiers and Rosetta is raped. It is a beastly business: and the mind boggles when the girl at once applies herself to prostitution simply because she has acquired a taste for it. A girl like that? After the most terrifying and brutal mass rape? It is arguable that Mamma has repressed her too long, and that the assault was a release. Anyway, somebody else may argue it; I won't. The weakness of the book seems to me to lie precisely here.

Yet how fine the rest, and greater part of it, is! Moravia has never done anything better than this study of a bewildered peasantry caught in the final, incomprehensible stages of a war. It is rich, clear, exciting, profound; one senses that it is exact. This is, like most of Joyce Cary's books, a histrionic novel, an impersonation: but Cesira is far more deeply imagined than La Romana. There are some admirable insights into a mind in which stupidity and coarseness co-exist with a kind of maternal delicacy indelicate in expression. Cesira is a peasant who has made good and become rich, but a peasant she remains; this portrait of her is a contribution to human understanding, and I feel that after reading it there are things one will never say again, and mistakes one will never make.

M. Hervé Bazin seems to me, by contrast, sexually true; all the rest of his story has a touch of falsification. Spiritually, this is Mauriac territory: a household of women, mother and two daughters (one an idiot), dominating housekeeper, living in strangling intimacy upon a crumbling country estate near Nantes. The mother, divorced from her first husband, brings home a second one, younger than she. The older girl, Isabelle, and the housekeeper receive him with bitter enmity. An offence has been committed against God: a worse one against their jealous hearts. Only the idiot accepts the marriage cheerfully. Then the mother is stricken by lupus and disfigured (that classic revenge of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*). Isabelle allows herself to be seduced by the hated stepfather, but when her mother dies she rejects him and settles down, with servant and idiot, to bear yet another daughter into this unpleasing clot of women.

As I said, the fault here is the background. Mauriac makes such a clammy set-up work; you believe it. You do not think about *Tante* Ada Doom, despite the multiplicity of woodsheds. But M. Bazin has neither the austerity nor the total immersion to bring it off. Where he does succeed is in his study of the girl's love-hate relationship with her stepfather, which remains imperturbably sensual. It is easy for her to leave him, though there are moments when she fancies that it isn't, that she is making a sacrifice. Both this alliance, and the relationship between mother and daughter, are handled with absolute authority.

Taking It Easy would be twice as enjoyable if it were a third shorter. It is the tale of a charming bounder who needs to be loved and admired, even by the man whose wife he has stolen; who turns to that man to fly him out of the country when his career of fraud and chicanery crashes down on him. Ray Martin dominates the story easily, as characters often do who have no development; he is precisely the same at the end as at the beginning. The others mill around him, Tom, the narrator, whose wife Matilda flutters to Ray as a moth to a lamp, Solly Levine, the literary Outsider, Merle, Tom's deplorable mistress,

Abinadab Monk, the intelligent policeman. It is a post-war world of 'I'm all right, Jack', sardonically and energetically observed; but Mr Hyams would have done well to sort out some of the clutter. His triumph lies in the relationship which drags on between Tom and Matilda after her re-marriage: this is raw-nerved, true and touching. It is the study of a residual affection almost as powerful as love, because it is compounded of remorse, old habit, and pure need. Tom has lost her utterly, yet she will never quite let him go – not because she is a dog in the manger, but because she is so used to him. All marriages have their own special languages, and people like Matilda find it so relaxing to drop back into the old, easy tongue, especially in the early stages of learning a new one.

The Portuguese Escape is about a young Hungarian countess just released from behind the Iron Curtain to join her rich and frivolous mother in Portugal. Hetti is so used to the austerities of life that she is at first shocked by the glittering Embassy crowd in which she finds herself, by priests who seem to her shockingly worldly in contrast with those trying to guard their people under communist rule. But she is soon ticked off for that, and lectured on the subject of self-righteousness. She gets used to her pretty clothes and she finds a lover – only to be kidnapped, and subsequently rescued in a fashion which is a little tame. She herself is rather well-drawn, with some tartness and originality: but there is a touch of pure social expediency about this glossy and glowing book that I found displeasing. Miss Bridge is, of course, an accomplished and experienced writer, and under the smooth flow of her narrative one may fail at first to notice the curious hankering after romantic feudalism (Salazar model), the justification of what the Bastard Faulconbridge, one of the most English of Englishmen, called Commodity.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Ladies Prefer Men

The Passionate Exiles. By MAURICE LEVAILLANT. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

The Prettiest Girl in England. By RICHARD BUCKLE. *Murray.* 21*s.*

The Passionate Exiles offers English readers a crude translation of *Une Amitié Amoureuse* (published two years ago in Paris) in which M. Levaillant reports every detail that he has been able to discover about the friendship between Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier in the course of 20 years' research. The translation seems to proceed on a literal basis; and once its obscurities have been penetrated the reader comes up against the French author's luxuriant style. But the facts are what matter; and M. Levaillant with his immense scholarship must have collected every scrap of evidence that has survived about the relationship between these two remarkable women.

When they first met in 1798 Germaine de Staël was a stout, dark, heavy-faced Germanic woman of 32 with enormous eyes, while Juliette Récamier was a child-wife of 21, with a most elegant shape, delicate features and the sweetest expression. (Their portraits by Gérard are reproduced in the book.) Both far preferred the company of men to that of women. What possible bond of union could arise between two such different female types? Yet they took to each other at first sight, and their mutual devotion lasted for 20 years. The explanation would appear to be that they hunted as a couple. They were both temperamentally man-eaters, although in very different ways; and they joined forces to subjugate the opposite sex. The combination of Madame de Staël's incomparable conversation and Madame Récamier's equally incomparable looks was enough to turn any man's head. No wonder that male visitors to the Staël menage at Coppet were perpetually dizzy with love! There were Benjamin Constant, Prosper de Barante, Mathieu and Adrien de Montmorency and the rest of them, intoxicated with the romantic atmosphere and never knowing whom to love next; while Germaine and Juliette divided the spoils without quarrelling for their team-work was perfect: Madame Récamier was content to excite the passions and left Madame de Staël to gratify them. There was one man, however, who defied this pair of sirens, labelling them 'socially dangerous', as indeed they were, and sending them into exile. Yet even the implacable Napoleon might have succumbed had Madame Récamier fulfilled his requirements. When Juliette's father was arrested for royalist intrigue and in danger of execution she pleaded for mercy to Napoleon and obtained it. 'Bonaparte expected feelings quite other than those of gratitude', reported his secretary; and later he exclaimed vindictively 'I am not Madame Récamier's lover', and punished her for this dereliction of duty.

Only one occasion is known when this strangely virtuous coquette admitted one of her legion of admirers to some measure of physical intercourse. Her husband, the old banker Récamier, was never allowed any marital rights. But a Don Juan of those romantic times, Prince Augustus of Prussia, succeeded in reaching her bedroom at Coppet under a solemn promise of marriage. What went on there even the omniscient M. Levaillant does not seem to know – the alcove keeps its secrets – but in old age Juliette recalled the event as 'a most beautiful memory'. M. Levaillant insists that Prince Augustus never ceased to hanker after this illusory marriage, but for once his scholarship seems at fault. Seven years later the Prince was making a bold bid to marry Princess Charlotte of England, as was revealed lately when her letters were published. If his breath had not been so horrible he might have supplanted Prince Leopold as an aspirant to our throne.

Madame de Staël may well have been the cleverest woman in Europe of her day, and Madame Récamier the most alluring, but *The Prettiest Girl in England* was no better than a débutante should be. In her girlish diary, written before she was nineteen, in 1832-3, Louisa Smythe's only interest in life is men, and one man in particular, Augustus Craven, whom she eventually succeeded in marrying. Her great-great-grandson has edited her memoirs with the utmost devotion, but nothing can make this little feather-pate interesting. Scions of the aristocracy may peruse the pages to see whom their ancestors were flirting with at the time of the Reform Bill, but the general public will be found sadly indifferent to such superficial nonsense. One curious deduction can be made: if the lady had married Lord Albert Conyngham, who offered her his hand, the Sitwells of our day would never have been born. So perhaps she did well to prefer Craven.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Two books reviewed at length in our French Books number last September have now been translated into English: Jacques Dumaine's *Quai d'Orsay* 1945-51, translated by Alan Davidson (Chapman & Hall, 30s.) and Simone de Beauvoir's account of modern China, *The Long March*, translated by Austryn Wainhouse (to be published by Andre Deutsch and Weidenfeld & Nicolson on July 25 at 42s.).

Playback
RAYMOND CHANDLER

"In its smoothness, its speed, and in the naturalistic ease of its dialogue, the best crime story we are likely to have this year."—JULIAN SYMONS (*Sunday Times*). *12s. 6d.*

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SHEILA BIRKENHEAD

"Admirably has she described it, telling us anecdote after anecdote, and bringing alive the successive scholars and eccentrics."—SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (*Observer*). *2nd imp. Illus. 25s.*

Edwardian Daughter
SONIA KEPPEL

"Uncommonly entertaining and something more."—RAYMOND MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*). *2nd imp. Illus. 21s.*

A Tribe of Women
HERVE BAZIN

"A fresh and remarkable novel" (*Times Literary Supplement*), which was immensely successful in France. *Book Soc. Recommend. 13s. 6d.*

Inside Russia Today
JOHN GUNTHER

"He can give a much more informed, unprejudiced and thoughtful answer than correspondents usually give. . . . Gunther's book will do a power of good."—KINGSLEY MARTIN (*New Statesman*). *25s.*

HAMISH HAMILTON

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QUAI D'ORSAY
(1945-1951)
Jacques Dumaine
30s. net

In his review in the *New Statesman* of the French edition of this posthumously published diary of the French Head of Protocol, Paul Johnson said: "Through this dancing counterpoint of anecdote and incident—sufficient in themselves, I might add, to make Dumaine's memoirs a delight—run two recurrent and sombre themes: France in decline, Europe in peril." If Dumaine were alive and writing today, would his theme have changed?

★

DOCTOR TONRONDO
Owen Guinness
16s. net

The doctor is a man of strong passions; his beautiful wife, to his dismay, turns out to be frigid. Tonrondo's efforts to extricate himself from his unfortunate predicament provide some of the most hilarious pages in this extremely funny yet deeply moving novel.

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BELL

I'm a Rebel Too

Why So Angry? By SIR RICHARD ACLAND. *Gollancz.* 16s.

Why So Angry? Sir Richard tells us is mainly addressed to the present generation of students, especially those who claim to be Christian. He believes they are disgruntled with life, and instead of meeting the social challenge of today, devote themselves to their own private careers and personal salvation. He opposes this imagined tendency by arguing that in order to deal with the problem of life and see our place in the universe, we must first relate ourselves to the current situation. *Why So Angry?* is an attempt to do just this. It also tries to answer several other questions and at the same time act as a vehicle for purely private apology and opinion.

Sir Richard maintains that white western civilisation is almost certain to collapse. The only hope of our children being accepted in a world where the white population is no longer materially privileged, and coloured peoples predominate, is a revision of our basic assumptions and ideals. Whether in fact our society survives or not there is bound to be a great religious reformation which will underlie the new world to come. The man who wishes to live a coherent and meaningful life in the midst of this great upheaval now going on recognises the probability of western extinction, that this state of affairs is the result of a natural process (and hence one for which no group can be blamed), and that he himself cannot alter the course of world events. On the other hand he can analyse the sources of the present situation and face whatever happens. But if he is to be creative as well as courageous he needs something positive. This something positive is the living authority at the heart of the universe, the light by which an individual knows the kind of person he really is. We approach the light 'in and through a life lived out in sympathy for all other'. And thus, in our everyday words and actions, we may meet the social challenge, for 'all other' is the community—the milkman, the doctor, the plumber and the post-office clerk.

Added to this good theme are a lot of stimulating ideas—some silly, some profound; but the whole is flawed by bad taste and inconsistency. For example after a serious, convincing passage Sir Richard will suddenly begin to talk like an eager, immature scoutmaster. We are repeatedly told that the age is 'thrilling', the situation is 'exciting', responsibility can be 'fun'. His analyses of events and type behaviour are invariably hasty and inadequate, ending 'But why go further', 'and so on', while his potted accounts of the Renaissance and the history of science, delivered with a jaunty assurance, would shame a fifth former. And throughout the book, some God other than the one he describes keeps popping up to back his less probable beliefs. 'I believe that God has a purpose for mankind and that however we rebel against it He is not going to be defeated by the hydrogen bomb.'

These lapses are perhaps excusable. Less so is his tendency to sling gibes at trivial objects—CICCU, the Athenaeum, school governors. This attitude contradicts the one he extols, and weakens his worthwhile attack on other objects such as the present Church establishment. I can't help feeling it's done in the spirit of 'I'm with you fellows, I'm a rebel too'. But on this matter of young angries Sir Richard is right off the mark. University undergraduates on the whole are not angry. Why should they be? The main doors of industry and government service were made for them. The much publicised feeling over class never arose before *Look Back* and *Declaration*. No one got het up about the H-bomb until very recently. Even today anger is more apparent amongst the middle classes, teddy boys, back-bench MPs—people who are made increasingly aware of the material and intellectual limitations of their kind of existence.

Yet I do not want to end on a note of disagreement. *Why So Angry?* shows Sir Richard to be an alert, concerned man and more, for he gives content to the word 'community' and forces us to see what we owe to all manner of men far off and near. Such understanding we badly need.

GEORGE WIGHTMAN

A Fearful Bore

South African Winter. By JAMES MORRIS. *Faber.* 18s.

Church and Race in South Africa. Edited by DAVID M. PATON. *S.C.M. Press.* 8s. 6d.

If Bertram Wooster were to visit South Africa, *South African Winter* is the kind of book which he might write: urbane, witty, tolerant, and totally egocentric. Like Mr Wooster, Mr Morris is a specialist in the comedy of boredom: 'the problems of this country are heart-rending, but can be a fearful bore'—this is almost his final judgment. The Afrikaner predikant, expounding God's views on racial segregation; the Briton in his blazer, nostalgic for Dorset; the urban African, escaping from the system which degrades him to drink, jazz, crime, or radical politics—all are treated as essentially comic characters, the Aunt Agathas and Bingo Littles of his story. And Mr Morris has a Woosterish affection for adjectives like 'dotty', expressing a bored acceptance of human oddity. His wit has an unmistakably, sometimes indecently, upper-class flavour; as when, writing of the miners who flock from the regions of southern Africa where a tribal social order still survives to work in the industrial Rand, he says—

> Their transition is probably no stranger . . . than the experience . . . of the little Welsh housemaids of my childhood who used to arrive direct from the Carmarthenshire valleys to pilfer the silver and impregnate the second floor with sixpenny face powder.

I can enjoy Bertram Wooster, since he belongs to a world of fantasy. But I cannot enjoy Mr Morris—for all his skilful craftsmanship, evocative language, sensibility, and the rest—who is supposed to be writing about the real world, and a particularly interesting, moving region of the real world, and who won't be bothered to take it seriously. I suppose it is the fear of being mistaken for a Newstatesmanish liberal Negrophil—a type he much dislikes—that leads him to make protective remarks like 'Oh, the agony of the inter-racial parties, when you must listen starry-eyed to some indescribably boring tale of discrimination from a nasty Zulu Marxist'; that sends him searching for witch-doctors in the Transkei in a spirit of nineteenth-century slumming; that makes him dismiss the African past in an airy sentence—'Battles and slaughters and shipwrecks and tribal dances and chieftaincies and taboos and ancestral laws—these are the stuff of the Transkei and its history'. I am becoming more and more doubtful about the value of this type of travel-book, concerned with exploring, not the land and its people, but the sensations and attitudes of the author.

It is a relief to turn from bright descriptions

of the plumage to the dying bird. Mr Paton has made an unpretentious collection of documents illustrating the position which the South African Churches, and particularly the Anglican Church, have taken up over the past few years, faced with the total conflict between Apartheid legislation and their own moral principles. He concludes with some quotations from Professor P. V. Pistorius of Pretoria University:

> We see our own doom inevitably approaching, but we are powerless to avert it. And it is a doom of our own making. . . . He who creates a tribal god will perish by the tribal gods of others. He who worships his own group and regards even injustice as good if it is thought to be in the interests of his group, will perish by the injustices perpetrated by other groups.

I think Mr Morris would regard this kind of writing as somewhat boring. If so, I am unhesitatingly on the side of the bores.

THOMAS HODGKIN

The Golden String

The Everlasting Gospel: A Study in the Sources of William Blake. By A. L. MORTON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

The thesis of this study in the sources of William Blake may be stated briefly as follows. Blake is a difficult poet. But part of the difficulty is of our own making, for we tend to ignore the tradition in which he wrote. This tradition goes back in England to the seventeenth century, and embraces that whole group of ideas which may broadly be described as Antinomian. There must have been living in Blake's contemporary London people who preserved this tradition, and it may be assumed that Blake came into contact with them. At all events, the essentials of all Blake's main ideas can be traced back to the Antinomian writers of the seventeenth century.

These ideas, which themselves stem from an older European tradition and originally from the twelfth-century Italian, Joachim of Flora, may be summarised into four divisions. First, there is the idea that God exists in all men, and in all created things, and has no other existence. Second, moral and ceremonial law is the result of a curse now lifted, and must be done away with. Third, a new spiritual revelation is at hand, when God shall reveal to all men the full truth, or what is called the Everlasting Gospel. Fourth, there is the idea that this revelation will bring in an age of love, forgiveness, and spiritual liberty, symbolised by the building of Jerusalem. Blake accepted these ideas, deepened them, and wove them into his poetry, particularly into his last great poem, *The Everlasting Gospel.* Blake was the greatest English Antinomian, but also the last.

There would seem little doubt that Blake was influenced by this tradition. At the same time, Mr Morton has overstated his case. Blake was not only a revolutionary poet dealing with the problems of his age. He was also, and primarily, a religious poet dealing with themes common to all ages. If the Antinomians gave religious symbols a political twist (thereby also debasing them), Blake sought to restore their original spiritual significance. To do this, he drew upon sources quite other than those indicated in this book, and his complex mythology cannot be understood without a knowledge of what these are. Mr Morton has isolated a single thread of the 'golden string', and mistaken it for the whole string. Yet it is a genuine thread for all that, and one worth isolating.

PHILIP SHERRARD

About Cricket

Alletson's Innings. By JOHN ARLOTT. *Epworth Press.* 6s.

Island Cricketers. By CLYDE WALCOTT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16s.

Batter's Castle. By IAN PEEBLES. *Souvenir Press.* 16s.

Tackle Cricket This Way. By PETER RICHARDSON. *Stanley Paul.* 10s. 6d.

The Art of Cricket. By SIR DONALD BRADMAN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30s.

10 for 66 and All That. By ARTHUR MAILEY. *Phoenix House.* 15s.

Alletson could be likened to a minor poet who is known to everyone through a single masterpiece re-printed in every anthology but who, for all we know, never wrote another poem, let alone another masterpiece. It was an excellent idea to write a short book on Alletson's masterpiece – his innings of 189 made in 90 minutes for Notts against Sussex at Hove in May 1911 – and about Alletson in general, and the idea has been well used. Among the book's many charms are its quotes from conversations with George Gunn, the genius once reported as saying that the most serious mistake made by most batsmen was that they took too much notice of the bowling.

The story Arlott tells, of a pro. whose success did not match up to his talent, through no fault of his own, is a poignant one. His greatest talent was almost certainly less for hitting than for bowling. After several winters of practice he perfected the delivery of 'the apparently impossible ball – a true, finger-spun leg-break, bowled at fast-medium pace'. When he came to try it out in first-class cricket, he took ten wickets for sixty runs in three innings. He was then told by an umpire to stop bowling: the legality of his action was suspect. Not long after, he retired from first-class cricket, at the age of thirty.

Umpires are clearly more tolerant today: in earlier days the fate of Alletson might well have been shared by Tony Lock. Both Walcott and Peebles say categorically that Lock's faster ball is a throw. Walcott adds that 'his ordinary ball . . . is extremely doubtful in my opinion'; Peebles, more moderately, that 'the delivery of his most vicious spinners is occasionally extremely suspicious'. Richardson takes the radical view that really spinning the ball, as distinct from rolling it, is almost bound to produce a 'jerking' in the bowler's action, and proposes a change in the law governing no-balls.

The acceptance of throwing or jerking which prevails today is curious in the light of the fact that wickets nowadays tend to favour the bowler. We might suppose that at a time when most groundsmen give spin-bowlers no small initial advantage over the batsman – and, after all, by far the most important element in determining the character of any game of cricket is the character of the wicket – umpires would try and redress the balance by erring towards intolerance in judging the legality of the bowler's action. Yet it seems that the world of cricket from time to time collectively reaches, almost unconsciously, an agreement that the time is ripe for the ball to dominate the bat or the bat the ball, and thereupon conspires to slant everything towards the side in favour.

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man and bowler is, of course, the essential problem in producing good cricket. On this subject Peebles has some extremely thoughtful and interesting things to say in one of the more serious passages of what is generally a light-hearted book, and a book that is not only highly readable but often uproariously funny. There is a chapter of parody which actually comes off; there is slapstick, both factual and fictional, which surpasses Macdonell himself; and there are some very good reported witticisms, including Arthur Mailey's complaint when the third cricketer to be knighted turned out to be, like the first and the second, a batsman: 'The last bowler they knighted was Sir Francis Drake'.

Mailey's own book is a disappointment, apart from a wonderful chapter in which he describes how, when a boy, he first bowled to his hero Victor Trumper and got him out. Mailey is rather a Henry Miller-ish figure, obsessed by his memories of his seamy, slummy, Irish-immigrant childhood and his youthful longings to be an artist – both an artist in oils and an artist with the ball (there has never been a cricketer more true to the idea that spin bowling is truly an art). This book has the sentimental over-casual pot-boiling atmosphere of Miller at his dreariest.

Walcott's book is merely a product of the sausage-machine of cricket autobiographies – a pity, considering that it bears the signature of one who, when acting captain of the defeated West Indians, made a broadcast speech of exceptional charm and dignity. It does, however, at least have the rare merit in a cricket book of suggesting that there are politics other than the politics of cricket.

The Bradman and Richardson books are instructional. Bradman's is encyclopædic in its thoroughness and superbly illustrated. It includes a highly sophisticated discussion of how to counter accurate off-spin bowling on a turning wicket, but most of it seems written with a younger audience in mind. I do not see what good it can do a youngster to come upon a book in which a great batsman recommends very unorthodox methods which he himself was able to use because of his uncanny quickness of reaction, but which for almost anyone else would be disastrous. The Richardson book, on the other hand, is not written for the tyro, for all that its title might suggest it was. What it should have been called was *Tackle Cricket This Way When Playing For Your County*. It is essentially an introspective book, and as such is a thoughtful study which should be read by everyone interested in the psychology of the modern first-class batsman with his belief that 'successful batting is founded on the ability to eliminate risk'.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Greece without Tears

The Morea. By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Cape.* 25*s.*

It would, perhaps, be as well if all books on Greece were to be reviewed exclusively by critics who had never set foot in the country. There would then be some small chance of the reader receiving a tolerably accurate estimate of the literary merit of any given work. As it is, so powerful and long-lasting is the spell which direct acquaintance with the Aegean almost invariably exercises, judgment is inevitably falsified either by nostalgia or irritation. For the besotted philhellene, a perfectly simple sentence such as 'The other road to the left leads to old Asine: in Homer it is simply a name', with its direct echo of Seferis's great poem, evokes a golden glow colouring the whole chapter; whereas any failure on the part of the author to match his own intensity of response to some, perhaps relatively dim, site provokes a storm of indignation in the breast.

It may not, therefore, be a wholly unqualified recommendation to say that for this reviewer a golden glow coloured his reading of the whole work. Indeed I strongly suspect that the author's book on Istanbul, deliberately suffused by a far clearer, and sometimes, indeed, baleful light, was a considerably greater achievement. And disloyalty compels me to admit that there were moments in reading *The Morea* when I would have welcomed one or two of those astringent asides on the national character (not for nothing has Mr Liddell so painstakingly studied the works of Miss Compton-Burnett) which occasionally made *Aegean Greece* such painful reading and led some of the more sensitive Greeks for a time indignantly to bracket the author's name with that of M. Peyrefitte.

Nevertheless, *The Morea* deserves an honoured place on the by now heavily overcrowded modern shelf of the philhellene's bookcase, and will be essential reading for anyone contemplating a tour of the Peloponnese. Although it is not intended as such it will undoubtedly be treated as a guide-book and for this reason one regrets that Monemvasia, that beautiful and alarming relic, receives no extended mention; but on the other hand the author's severely modified rapture in front of the frescoes at Mistra is as welcome as it is unexpected, and, one hopes, will serve as a *rappel à l'ordre* to those liable to be swept away on a wave of Byronic Byzantinophilism.

OSBERT LANCASTER

Shorter Reviews

An Age of Fiction. By GERMAINE BRÉE and MARGARET GUITON. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

This collection of essays on the French novel in the twentieth century provides both a work of reference and a refresher course. The authors group the novels under five heads: The Masters (Gide and Proust), Brave New World (Duhamel, Romains, Martin du Gard, Aragon, Aymé), Private Worlds (Julien Green, Bosco, Giono, Mauriac, Bernanos), Escapes and Escapades (the Surrealists, Cocteau, Giraudoux, Céline, Queneau), and Return to Man (Malraux, Saint-Exupéry, Sartre, Camus.) These essays are lucid and pleasing, good-humoured and reasonable in tone, and at best are enlightening: the study of Julien Green and his development from the Gothic novel is probably the most perceptive thing that has been written about him. The authors err on the side of charity, and tend to give the impression, occasionally, that all writers are splendid and none is less splendid than another; I think they seriously overrate Sartre as a novelist. This, however, in a book that can, by its nature, be little more than a useful survey, is a fault on the right side.

The most penetrating essay in the book is the one on Mauriac. The authors point out that Mauriac strips his characters of the 'wealth of activities that usually go into the making of a human life', leaving them three-dimensional, but impenetrable. Mauriac's theme is the lack of communication between one man and another; and I think a case might be made against him that he stacks the cards by precisely that withdrawal from his characters of those normal social activities which give sufficient semblance of communication for life to be tolerable. The essay on Roger Martin du Gard – 'the Corneille of the Bourgeois Novel' – is the sketchiest of the collection; it is much too short (he is given far less space than Giraudoux, less than Saint-Exupéry) and the discussion of *Jean Barois* is weakened by the authors' failure to give due emphasis to the use of the pure narrative (the Dreyfus theme) to support the philosophical exegesis

P. H. J.

Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland: 1641-1702. By J. P. KENYON. *Longmans.* 45*s.*

Robert Spencer 2nd Earl of Sunderland was a professional politician. He went into politics chiefly to get money for his gambling; he stayed in as a grand seigneur, avid for office and ruthless in his determination to keep it, whether by changing his policy (under Charles II) or his religion (under James II, and back again under William III); and he became increasingly independent in thought and expression. He was a man of great character and no principles. He was thus an effective adviser to autocratic royalty, and whig historians have hated him for it. Sunderland saw politics as a struggle for efficient government. In such a struggle, he had to manipulate the king himself, who was open to every sort of counter-influence; his ministerial colleagues, amongst whom ceaseless intrigue was inevitable; and parliament, which was fickle in the extreme and bitterly resented ministerial management. Sunderland joined the melee with many advantages – birth, toughness and expertise in foreign affairs. But efficient government was not particularly attractive to his fellow countrymen, who were deeply concerned with religious principle and political liberty, and did not relish control from the court.

Dr Kenyon has written a learned biography of this masterful and unattractive man. His study is severely factual and is concentrated upon the narrative detail of successive political manœuvres. Dr Kenyon sensibly does not try to whitewash Sunderland. His book is hard reading, but its detail is illuminating both of Sunderland and his time.

C. S. B.

The Illuminated Book: its History and Production. By DAVID DIRINGER. *Faber.* £6 6*s.*

Dr Diringer in his introduction defines illumination as the art of literally illuminating, lighting up the book-page by means of rich colours, ornament and ornamental lettering, and in particular by the use of burnished gold and silver. The history of this art is, however, inextricably involved in that of book decoration in the wider sense which includes the single decorated initial and the uncoloured illustration. Dr Diringer has chosen to treat his subject in this all-inclusive sense and his book therefore covers an enormous field, surveying manuscript painting from its origin in Egyptian papyri and classical book production till its end in the seventeenth century (he omits, however, William Morris, Graily Hewitt and their followers). Geographically his range extends from Portugal and Ireland to Persia. His book seeks to provide a far more comprehensive survey than any which exists, and is particularly valuable in the numerous and full references which it gives to examples of every school. 254 pages of illustration reproduce examples of more than double that number of manuscripts and provide a remarkable synopsis of this extraordinarily rich, varied and inaccessible art. The six colour plates are disappointing.

The text is intended for 'the cultured layman'. Dr Diringer makes no pretensions to original research. He has tried instead to collect 'the sifted results of the most reliable research in the various fields'. Unfortunately, despite his avowed intention of treating his material from the point of view of subject-matter, as 'a sort of pictorial script', he has got himself involved in the labyrinth of modern art history. His own æsthetic and historical judgments are disarmingly naive and he fails to co-ordinate the vast mass of material and opinion which he introduces into a coherent picture or a readable narrative. The bibliographies are useful though not altogether consistent in arrangement or selection. The volume is projected as one of a series on the history of the book.

N. G.

The Apocrypha of the Old Testament: Revised Standard Edition. *Nelson.* 18*s.*

Since the books of the Apocrypha were not included in the Hebrew Canon of Holy Scripture, but only in the Septuagint (and subsequently in the Vulgate), they were held to be of little value by most

of the Reformed Churches – they were 'not of divine inspiration'. Thus the British and Foreign Bible Society refused to distribute Bibles containing the Apocrypha, and most Bibles are still printed without it. But the biblical and historical studies of the last hundred years have made us aware that this body of literature, produced in the four centuries between the Testaments, is of great value to a proper understanding of the New Testament's background, and the books of the *Wisdom of Solomon* and of *Ecclesiasticus* in particular are recognised as containing passages of great religious writing.

The Revised Version of the Apocrypha was not published until 1895, and the American version a few years later still. That a further revision is now thought necessary is some indication of the progress made in the last fifty years towards the recovery of the original text. The Victorian translators made intelligible much that was formerly obscure, or even nonsensical, but throughout their Revised Versions they retained a number of archaisms which muffled the impact of the words. By substituting 'you' for 'thou' and 'has' for 'hath' – to take but two of many possible examples – the Americans have recovered some of that directness and simple authority which mark the Scriptures in their original tongues.

M. S. S.

Sophocles—Dramatist and Philosopher. By H. D. F. Kitto. *Oxford. 7s. 6d.*

The traditional account of Sophocles is that he was a deeply religious man, a priest of a healing cult with a gift of clairvoyance. Professor Kitto finds the biography of poets 'of languid interest' and suggests that he is being rather daring in his discovery that religious feeling is closely woven into the fabric of the plays. However his sense of 'theatre' constantly enlivens the search for a philosophy. Choosing the *Electra* as a working model of Sophoclean thought he shows the play first as intelligible and exciting on the level of human character in action. But the gods are clearly present behind Orestes and Electra and against Clytemnestra. They form part of what Sophocles has to say. Are they introduced in the orthodox piety of what-the-gods-ordain-is-right?

Professor Kitto notes that they do not instigate the dramatic situations. He suggests that Sophocles is an original thinker in presenting the gods not as remote-controllers but as immanent in the world of human action as forces of *Dikê*, justice. They are 'not the pattern of what *ought* to be, but a statement of what *is*.' When life has been violently disturbed, as by Clytemnestra's murder of her husband, it demands violent restitution: Orestes' matricide is counselled, but not suggested, by Apollo, and guided by Zeus, for the gods are the mysterious and ruthless processes that restore the norm. This intelligent and stimulating book leaves one asking if Sophocles's theology is not rather thin for personal piety. Did he worship a norm-restoring process?

A. W.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,481 **Set by B. Mount**

The usual prizes are offered for a cautionary rhyme for present-day children. Limit 12 lines; entries by 29 July.

Result of No. 1,478 **Set by Red Setter**

The usual prizes are offered for a quatrain to be inscribed above the door of any one of the following: Maria Callas, Christine Truman, Randolph Churchill, Sir Gordon Richards, Dame Edith Evans, Sabrina, the Editor of *The Times*.

Report

Above the door? Almost all the verses evoked by this competition, witty though they were, could hardly have arrived there with the inmate's approval. Take Bubbles on Sabrina:

> There is no other star who could have gone
> Through the door straight, but couldn't sideways on.

That needed Richard Pomfret's corrective:

> This is my bit
> Where I am free,
> Just leer at it
> And not at me.

Let us then turn a blind eye on improbabilities. Looking for neatness and wit, I suggest, after much heart-searching, that the entries asterisked below share the prize money. Runners-up are Jonathan Benthall (who dealt with Sir William Haley in Latin), J. Dixon Hunt, C. Christian, R. Elsworth, E. F. C., Devora and Simia.

SABRINA

*You seek Sabrina? – Scan no more
The vital numbers on each door,
'41, 23, 39' – it's clear
The lady must be dwelling here.

NANCY GUNTER

*Many a monumental bust
Pays tribute to our mortal dust.
Let the reverse your thoughts incline;
Enter, with due respect for mine.

W. G. DAISH

SIR GORDON RICHARDS

*Within lives a man who was Lord of the Courses
From Ascot to Epsom, from Lincoln to Chester;
Long first in the field when bestriding fast horses,
He rightly belongs to the *Ordo Equester*.

H. A. C. EVANS

MARIA CALLAS

*Beware the tigress? Nonsense! Do not fear!
A nightingale in human shape dwells here,
Who, fair to look on also, never will
Be just *'Vox et praeterea nihil'*.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Enter, friend, and welcome be
To my storeys, one, two, three.
A house, you see, and not a flat;
I really get too much of that.

W. G. DAISH

THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

*Herein resides the unknown power behind
Not just the throne, but the Top Public mind.
Top People, know the Maker of your Law:
And Bottom People, mind you shut the door.

MITCH

*Thunderer, before you pass this portal
Reflect top people are but mortal
Tempus fuit, est et erit,†
But circulation none inherit.

MARCUS

†The motto on the coat of arms of *The Times*.

I am Sir William Haley,
Editor of the world's most respectable daily;
Only top mortals
Pass these portals.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

*This is the stable of a thoroughbred;
Here dwells a charger, rather than a hack.
Welcome all men – but careful what is said!
(All journalists will please call round the back).

RUSSELL EDWARDS

Behind this door a spirit effervesces
In frothy bursts of journalistic spleen:
If you would know how vile the British Press is,
The man within will tear away the screen.

ALLAN M. LAING

DAME EDITH EVANS

You come, my dear, expecting to find here
A Queen of Drama, gravely disciplined?
Ah, yes: but may I make it clear
That once I quipped and sighed as Rosalind?

J. R. TILL

City Lights

Pyrotechnicalities

'Army Coup in Iraq,' remarked the headlines of the *Financial Times* on Tuesday, 'Better Outlook for Coal.' Such dispassionate concentration on the financial aspect of existence is less common, even in the City, than you might suppose. The normal slightly schizophrenic attitude is better illustrated in a notice which appeared in the same newspaper a few days earlier. 'The directors of the London Cremation Company,' it ran, 'advise shareholders not to accept the offer for their shares from the Amalgamated Tobacco Corporation. They do not think that a company formed to deal with tobacco is a suitable body to control a crematorium.'

Now what sort of reason is this for turning down a bid? The London Cremation Company exists to satisfy the needs of those who prefer to go to paradise by way of Golders Green (or Woking), and its chairman, Mr G. Le B. Diamond, has quite reconciled himself to the fact that death is a business for the living – 'The number of cremations carried out, both at Golders Green and Woking, for the second year

Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

IMPROVED RESULTS

The 31st annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited will be held on 6 August in London.

In his statement circulated to Members the Chairman, Sir Philip Warter, said that the improved results were attributable to the achievements of their Subsidiary Company—A.B.C. Television Limited. He added: It should, however, be recognised that the rapid success of the television subsidiary is due in no small measure to its ability to draw on the strength of the Group, both in financial resources and in manpower, built up and consolidated over many years of successful cinema trading. The cinema trading results were adversely affected not only by lower attendances but also by the very large sum of over a million pounds which was spent on maintenance.

The Trading Profits of the Group increased from £2,599,481 to £3,490,994. The net profit of the Corporation amounts to £1,105,023 against £727,322 in the previous year.

Despite adverse conditions in the film industry, the Corporation's Elstree studios have been fully occupied throughout the year with the production of fourteen feature films and various Television subjects and it is encouraging to note that in the current year the pressure on our capacity is even greater.

Commenting on the Chancellor's timely reduction in the cinema tax, Sir Philip said: It must now be apparent that this tax has no future and I would hope to see it abolished in next year's Budget.

We believe that the cinemas will continue to play an important part in the entertainment field. The better results being obtained in the current year with some of the new British films encourage us in this belief, and if everyone concerned with production and exhibition will have the faith to concentrate on better films in modernised cinemas with up-to-date service, then the future will be assured.

A.B.C. Television Limited is responsible to the Independent Television Authority for the provision of all week-end programmes in the Midlands, Lancashire and Yorkshire. We are now bringing A.B.C. programmes each Saturday and Sunday to over ten million people in the Midlands and the North and we expect the figure to be even greater by March, 1959.

The success of A.B.C. Television Limited in the future is bound up with its ability to maintain and expand its audiences by constantly striving to improve its programmes which, in itself, will require additional Studio space and other facilities.

running shows an increase over the corresponding figures for the previous year. These figures, of course, reflect the general mortality rate, but at the same time improvements effected in recent years have enabled more cremations to be undertaken. It is therefore with satisfaction that the Board records that 7,489 cremations were carried out at Golders Green (an increase of 350) and 2,350 at Woking (an increase of 150) giving a combined total of 10,019, which is the highest level since the establishment of the company. If full use is made of the facilities available and the public will accept the less usual times of day for a committal, a substantial increase in the number of cremations could be undertaken without lowering standards'.

And so on. Even this small example from a recent annual statement should suffice to establish the fact that business, whatever its subject matter, must be conducted on similar principles. Yet these same annual statements make it clear that for Mr Diamond, as for most company chairmen, profits are not everything. It is plain that he and his colleagues consider their Gardens of Rest, electric organs, spring bulb displays, niches, urns, Books of Remembrance, not to mention their new prototype furnace (which 'operates speedily and without smoke'), quite as interesting as their financial results. Imagine, then, their feelings when confronted with a take-over bid. The original approach to them was made by an undertaker said to be acting in a purely personal capacity; after inquiries had been made, he admitted that he was a front, but for a group of private investment trusts. It was only three days before the bidder made his offer that the board of London Cremation discovered his identity. Conscious of £140,000 in cash and gilt-edged, it is scarcely surprising that the directors found 'serious ethical objections' to the whole business.

Their own circular betrays an understandable uncertainty whether to appeal to the better or the worse instincts of their shareholders. 'Notwithstanding the strong revulsion . . . your directors appreciate that there are some shareholders whose interest is mainly financial.' To meet the demands of these people the directors have taken the best anti-bid advice; after making some pretty nasty remarks about the financial record of Amalgamated Tobacco, they put forward proposals which will not only appeal irresistibly to shareholders' cupidity but will make future bids impossible. So far, so shrewd. But it is abundantly clear from their *obiter dicta* that their main feeling, which they trust shareholders will share, is one of unfinancial indignation. 'The company owns two crematoria, one at Woking which was established in 1885 and was the first in Great Britain, the other at Golders Green which was inaugurated in 1902 and is now the largest in the country. Since then more than 150,000 cremations have taken place and Golders Green has achieved a position of national importance by reason of the number of persons of note in all walks of life who have been cremated there. Among them can be numbered Prime Ministers, bishops, peers and a great many others well known in the realms of art, science, literature and the public services.' The circular goes on to quote the tribute paid by the president of the Institute of Burial and Cremation Administration after a recent visit—'I think it is a wonderful institution . . . it is an education in itself to go there and see what the largest crematorium in the world does and how it does it.'

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 453. Lolli For Learners

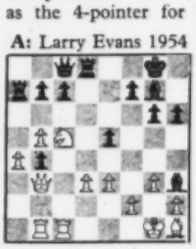
Not in the newfangled meaning of pecuniary rewards but in the original sense of a *bonbon* and, indeed, a boon there is a great deal that has been provided for beginners in recent years, and for fairly advanced players, too. There has been quite a spate of books elucidating basic principles and, indubitably, they have helped to raise the average standard of playing strength. The same worthy purpose should be served by Larry Evans's *New Ideas In Chess* and by *The Logical Approach To Chess*, both published by *Pitman's* at 15s. and 21s. respectively.

For the last-named book (first published in a Dutch edition) the original authors M. Blaine and J. F. S. Rumble were fortunate enough to secure Dr Euwe's collaboration. Wisely stressing the importance of the centre in the very first chapter, the book proceeds to expound fundamental principles in the three phases of the game. In the final part, "Theory In Action," there are a few (*too* few!) illustrative games, well picked from the viewpoint of exemplifying the principles previously outlined. Here's one to prove that a K-wing attack gains impetus when combined with a central thrust opening up the position and increasing the mobility of the pieces.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-QB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-K3; (4) Kt-B3, Kt-B3; (5) P-K3, QKt-Q2; (6) Q-B2, B-Q3; (7) B-Q3, O-O; (8) P-QKt3, R-K1; (9) O-O, P-K4; (10) PxQP, BPxP; (11) PxP, KtxP; (12) KtxKt, BxKt; (13) B-Kt2, P-Q5!; (14) QR-Q1, BxP ch; (15) K-R1, Kt-Kt5; (16) P-Kt3, Q-Kt4; (17) Kt-K4, Q-KR4; (18) K-Kt2, Kt-K4; (19) P-B4, Q-R6 ch; (20) K-B2, BxKtP ch; (21) KtxB, Q-R7 ch; (22) K-K1, QxKt ch; (23) R-B2, Kt-B6 ch; (24) K-K2, RxP ch; (25) K-B1, Q-Kt8 mate.

Larry Evans sets out to explain the meaning of an "advantage," and how to convert a less durable into the more durable advantage. After an initial chapter on the evolution of chess from the pre-Morphy days, Evans gives a good many instructive examples (many of them from his own practice) on Force, Space and Time, the latter dealing with gambits and pins, while the previous part contains some interesting material on the Centre, the control of unoccupied squares, mobility and stability. There is also a guide on how to evaluate certain positions arising from an opening, and the copious supply of diagrams includes a "quiz" chapter of 36 instructive positions. Here's one of them which may serve as the 4-pointer for beginners. If White merely restored the material equilibrium by QxKtP, Black could consolidate his position by . . . P-Kt3; how then can White secure immediately decisive advantage?

A: Larry Evans 1954



B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both draws, and quite ingenious, too. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 July.

B: O. Gallischek 1958

C: J. de Villeneuve 1911

REPORT on No. 450. Set 28 June

A: (1) Q x P ch, K x Q; (2) P-B6 ch, K-Kt1; (3) B-R7 ch, K x B; (4) R-R3 ch, K-Kt1; (5) R-R8 mate.

B: (1) B-Q6, P-R7; (2) B-R3, P-R4; (3) B-R7! P-R4; (4) K-B6!, P-R5; (5) K x P, K-Kt8; (6) K-K5 ch, K-R8; (7) P-B5, K-Kt8; (8) P-B6 ch, K-R8; (9) K-K4, K-Kt8; (10) K-K3 ch, K-R8; (11) B-Q3!, P x B; (12) P-B7, K-Kt8; (13) P=Q, P=Q; (14) Q-B1 ch, etc.

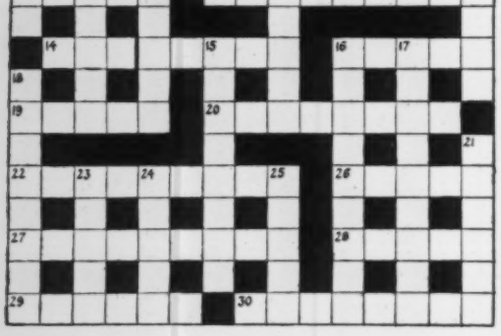
C: (1) Kt-B5 ch! (P-Q7?), K-B3; (2) P-Q7, B x P; (3) Kt-Q3!, B-KKt4; (4) Kt-K5 ch, K-Q3; (5) Kt-B7 ch, K-K2 (3); (6) Kt x B ch, K-B3; (7) Kt-R7 ch! (Kt-B7?), K x B; (8) Kt-B8 ch, etc.

More stumped by **B** than by **C**. 1st prize shared by J. R. Harman and C. Sandberg, consolation prize by M. P. Furmston and C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 312

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 312, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 29 July.



ACROSS

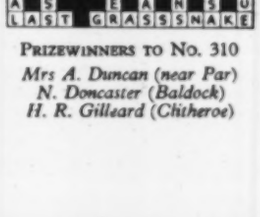
1. Criticise or support the result of fishing? (8).
5. Insensible as a retrograde 19th-century statesman (6).
10. A benefactor provides a shilling article and gratitude follows (5).
11. Cursed the river in the case? (9).
12. Damage a vessel (5).
13. The slim-necked thing spends a long time in front of the mirror (9).
14. Make arrangements to watch a fight (3, 5).
16. Fish which looks good in the water (5).
19. Live the reverse of lustful before fifty (5).
20. Leading a few back into the stronghold (8).
22. The strange athlete is a smuggler (9).
26. If you have this before a meal, it is fragmentary (5).
27. What to put on the bed for a midnight feast? (9).
28. An ear, perhaps, for what makes music (5).
29. The sergeant comes in before there is a repetition (6).
30. Put off, the defender made a mistake (8).

DOWN

1. Divide up the piece about short time (6).
2. Piece of poetry seen differently in dialect (9).
3. The crime of dirty letters (9).
4. Notoriously thin-skinned parts of the body (5).
6. A second on a rough rock is enough for a skinny person (5).
7. Run in the next race (5).
8. Base which would be wrecked in the salt deep (8).
9. One who is responsible for a refutation concerning a food (8).
15. The right side finished up displeased (8).
16. Hear poems broadcast but not as radio communication (9).
17. The traveller has to go across an untidy green (9).
18. Lovely piece of charity about a former Chancellor (8).
21. Kept in, did some lines (6).
23. With the doctor away, this wine would do for me (5).
24. 'The dust and silence of the —— shelf' (Macaulay) (5).
25. If in general duties the half-witted lad would be envied (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 310



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MOIRA HOUSE
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A Public Boarding School (140 girls) founded 1875 and maintaining an independent-minded, progressive tradition. The Council invites applications for the post of Deputy Head (age preferably under 45) with a view to Headship in 2-3 years. Wide – not merely scholastic – experience and interest are desired. Salary: Burnham Scale +£75 first year, £150 second year; further increase for Headship.

Apply with Testimonials to: Secretary to the Council, Moira House School, Eastbourne.

NORTHERN Polytechnic, Holloway, London, N7. The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale—£2,350 rising by annual increments of £100 to £2,650 per annum, plus London Allowance. Duties will commence on 1 September, 1959, or such earlier date as may be agreed. The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a large site adjacent to the Polytechnic is now being acquired for a substantial extension. Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 31 October, 1958. R. H. Currell, A.C.A., Clerk.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Indonesian and Malayan Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – £90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August, 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureships in Psychology. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer in Psychology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – £90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in English Literature. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to applicants with special competence in Eighteenth-century and/or Victorian Literature. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200 – £80 – £2 550 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA – Univerrity of Queensland. Lecturer in Political Science, Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates with special interest in political institutions and comparative government. An Honours or higher Degree in politics and research interest are desirable. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 August, 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Latin. Applications are invited for the above position. This vacancy has been caused by an addition to the Departmental establishment. Preference may be given to a candidate with special interests in the field of Latin Literature. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – £90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 9 August 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Lectureship in Psychiatric Social Work. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should possess a Diploma in Psychiatric Social Work or equivalent in addition to a university degree, and also experience in teaching is desirable. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 9 August 1958.

HOUSEMASTER reqd at Stamford House (LCC) Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206A Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W12, to become a member of team observing boys awaiting remand home reports and classification after committal to approved schools to be named. Duties incl. attendce at weekly meetings of Assessment Committee, responsibility for group of boys on remand or committed, organising out-of-school activities and games, liaison work between Stamford House, probation and child welfare officers and other officials, and escorting boys to approved schools in S.E. England. Appropriate qualfcns and/or expce desirable but suitable personality essential. Salary within scale £512 10s.-£845. Annual leave 4 wks. If reqd, single furn. accommdtn. only avible, charge for this board and laundry being £128 8s. Applicn. form and details from Children's Officer (CH/G.1), County Hall, SE1. (1322)

AUSTRALIA – University of Melbourne. Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in History and Philosophy of Science. Applications are invited for the above position. An ability to undertake teaching in Biology and/or Chemistry content of the subject would be an advantage, and a background in the Philosophy and in the History of Science will be welcomed. The salary range is £A1,450 to £A2,100 per annum for Lecturer and £A2,100 to £A2,500 per annum for Senior Lecturer. Status and initial salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation similar to FSSU in Great Britain will be provided. Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 August, 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Lecturer in English within Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should possess a first-class honours degree. The lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and supervise courses for external students proceeding to pass degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Commerce. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gorden Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 30 August, 1958.

CALDECOTT Community. Young Assistant Housemaster required to help with general supervision and recreational activities of a group of boys aged 11 to 16 years. The post gives practical experience in work with disturbed, deprived adolescens, and should be of interest to those intending to take further training for posts as probation officers, teachers or other social welfare positions. Highest references required. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Ken.

LONDON Office of International Trade Union Organization requires Swedish translator/interpreter. Swedish mother tongue with good knowledge English, German and French. Permanent position for suitable applicant. Excellent conditions, with superannuation and holiday scheme. Preference given to applicants with trade union background or interest. Also Swedish shorthand/typist with knowledge of English. Same conditions as above. Position would also be a permanency. Box 1736.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Applicants should be competent in experimental psychology, and have had research experience. A special interest in social (possibly including industrial) psychology, or measurement and general statistics would be an advantage. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,275 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 August 1958.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Teachers. Opportunities available in primary and secondary schools in all parts of London area for employment of qualified and experienced teachers who require part-time posts. Posts are particularly suitable for married women with teaching experience, retired teachers and certain graduate research students living in Greater London area. So far as possible, those selected will be offered engagements according to hours or days specified by them and in schools near to their homes. Salaries for qualified teachers and graduates in accordance with the Burnham Scale with London allowance. Please apply to Education Officer (TS1/NS.), County Hall, London, SE1, for particulars and application form.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Classical Archæology. Applications are invited for the above position. Preference will be given to applicants with an Honours degree in Classics and a Diploma, or its equivalent, in Classical Archæology and experience in excavation of a classical site. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August, 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 15 August, 1958.

NETHERNE Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey. There will be positions vacant in the near future to replace two of the establishment of six Psychiatric Social Workers. These vacancies offer opportunities for research, out-patient work, social clubs, work in the Community, as well as Hospital work in a congenial atmosphere. Separate offices, clerical help, car service or mileage allowance paid to car owner. One of the posts is as a member of a team concerned with the reassessment and rehabilitation of stabilised chronic patients, and with research into this problem. This unit is run on the lines of a therapeutic community and there are varied aspects of the work which could be developed according to the interests of the Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary according to Whitley Council Conditions of Service, plus London weighting. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, from whom further details may be obtained. Locum applications considered. K. W. Faulk, Secretary.

NATIONAL Society of Children's Nurseries requires Organising Secretary in September, with experience of office organisation, public speaking, committee procedure. Work is interesting and varied and gives scope for initiative. Knowledge of book-keeping and accounts an advantage. Salary £700 p.a. Applications by 28 July, stating age, experience and qualifications, to The Chairman, Executive Committee, 45 Russell Sq, WC1.

VACATION Work. Guide, philosopher, friend & food-getter wanted for girl (12), boy (11). 1st 3 wks Sept., while their mother works. Residence, plus £2 a week, free wkends, evngs. 10 Parkfields, SW15. PUT. 1966.

EXPERIENCED Cook (Resident) for Children's Home in Berkshire. Able to prepare vegetarian dishes. Adequate help given. Congenial atmosphere and surroundings. Phone PAD. 9497 for appointment.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOTLEYS Park Hospital, Chertsey, Surrey. Brook House, Addlestone. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Officer-in-Charge (female) of the above Hostel. This is a residential and training unit of 23 beds for backward women. Applicants should preferably have had some experience in the care and guidance of other people and be conversant with the household management of such a unit, but applications will be entertained from candidates without such experience whose personality and temperament are regarded as suitable. The salary will be within the scale £571 to £703 per annum, the post is superannuable and deductions for residence will be at the rate of £174 per annum. Applications to Matron as soon as possible.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from men holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary in accordance with APT Grade I (£575-£725), commencing at not less than £635, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 31 July, 1958.

LINCOLNSHIRE. Sleaford & District Youth Centre, Lincolnshire. Applications are invited for the post of Youth Leader (male) of a new Youth Centre to be opened in September. Pioneer work giving scope for initiative. Applicants should have had experience and/or training in youth work. Commencing salary £500 per annum. Pension scheme. Letters of application giving full details and the names of two referees to be returned within fourteen days of this notice to Miss D. Jones, The Cottage, Millfield Road, Sleaford, Lincs.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £575 to £725. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

OPPORTUNITY for women to undertake interesting and responsible work in social service and professions in spite of limited education. Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey, provides one-year residential courses in liberal subjects for women over 20. No examinations. Grants available. Details from Secretary (NS).

MALE tutor, pref. grad., reqd immediately with exper. of teaching English, for country house party entertaining continental students. Pleas. hol. post in well-staffed manor hse nr Colchester. Full partics to Box 1990.

REQUIRED immediately Senior Relief Housemother for general duties until March 1959 and thereafter Relief duties only in small family group homes. Good pay and off-duty. Training, where necessary, arranged on full pay. Apply giving names and addresses of 2 referees to Housemaster, Actors' Orphanage Fund, Silverlands, Holloway Hill, Chertsey, Surrey.

ST LAWRENCE'S Hospital Management Committee, Caterham, Surrey. School Supervisor, holding diploma of National Association for Mental Health, required to take charge of school of over 100 small boys and girls in modernised classrooms at this progressive Mental Deficiency Hospital. The person appointed will work in consultation with the Clinical Psychologist. Salary scale £595 rising to £710 per annum. Modern accommodation available for single person. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and names of two referees to Group Secretary.

INVALID Children's Aid Association requires an experienced Caseworker to be responsible for the administration of a new and growing Branch of the Association in Middlesex. The post offers opportunity for intensive Casework, attendance at weekly Case Conferences and the practical training of University Social Science Students. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications from women possessing Social Science Certificate and (preferably) a professional qualification, should be made before 15 August to the Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, W8.

A VACANCY occurs, Sept, for a practical couple of good experience, interested in education and willing to make their home within a small, vigorous co-educational boarding school. General maintenance, garden and home-farm (4 cows, 4 sows, 300 poultry); cleaning and/or cooking and/or housemothering small group of children. J. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

A RESIDENT cook house-keeper is reqd by a group of 9 social workers. Full board. Wages by arrangement. Islington Family Service Unit, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

PRIVATE Secretary/Researcher required by Socialist MP and author. Must be competent shorthand/typist. University degree and interest in politics an advantage. Interesting and varied job for girl with initiative. Holiday arrangements honoured. Salary £600. Apply in own handwriting with full particulars to Box 2020.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDUCATED women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or P.A.s to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing are essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

EXPORT merchants require Sec./Shorthand typist. High salary offered to highly efficient applicant. Holiday arrangements honoured. Phone MUS. 5520 ext. 12.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

VOCATIONAL Guidance Association. Secretary reqd to Psychologist. WEL 8017.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SMALL Publisher requires assistant with secretarial experience. Interest in books essential. Write Box 2065.

HOME for Blind, Westgate, Kent, accommodating 67 residents, requires competent Housekeeper. Commencing salary £280 p.a., with residential emoluments. Apply, stating age and experience, with copy references, to Homes Department, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St, London, W1.

SECRETARY/Administrative assistant required in Hungarian Student Resettlement Dept. Good shorthand typing; graduate preferred. Apply World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W1. WEL. 3921.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman) required to co-ordinate voluntary work among foreign girls in London area. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 1801.

HOUSEPARENTS required, spastic residential centre. Good living conditions. Full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393.

PART-time Secretary wanted for psychiatric research for about 1½ days per week. Most of work could be done at home in own time. High speeds in Shorthand/Typing essential. Apply in writing stating salary required to Box 2033.

DOMESTIC Staffing Officer (aged 35 and upwards) required by well-established Holiday organisation with Guest Houses in various parts of the country. Pension scheme. Interesting post. Apply for further information to Secretary, Box 3190 (London); E. G. Dunstan & Co., Drayton House, Gordon Street, London, WC1.

PERSONAL Secretary to film director, 22/35, intelligent and co-operative. Salary £10/£11. Good prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

SECRETARIES wanting intg varied work for few days/weeks/months! Individual attention on our Temporary Staff. St. Paul's Agency, 160 Cheapside, EC2. MET. 8533.

PERSONAL Secretary required for Director of medical research unit. Considerable responsibility. Five-day week. Salary would rise to over £700. Apply Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, W12.

LONDON Girls Friendly Society. Part-time organising secretary. £200 p.a. Must be interested in youth. Trimingham, St Lawrence Vicarage, EC2.

SUPERIOR Office Staff offer London's Finest temp. and perm. positions at 43 South Molton Street, Mayfair. HYD. 8383.

DEPUTY Matron and one Staff Nursery Nurse required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, 'The Manor', Tamworth Road, Keresley, near Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with 30 places. NMC conditions and salaries, plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

WANTED in September, one Housemistress for group of children aged 9 to 11 years. Must be interested in the problems of deprived children and be prepared to take an active share in communal life. Preference given to those with experience in the care of children or holding the Home Office Central Training Council Certificate. Salary £250 to £300 resident. Usual school holidays. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Ashford, Kent.

TRAVEL Agency West End requires young man, age 18-20, for postal duties and messages to Consulates, etc. Hours 9.30-5.30 and alternate Saturdays 9.30-12.30. Starting salary £7 10s. Write Box 1934.

RADIOGRAPHER (whole- or part-time). Sole charge post. Further particulars from Chief Physician, Chest Clinic, Upton Hospital, Slough.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Social Study. Applications are invited from candidates holding a qualification in Social Study for the post of Assistant. Salary Scale £700 × £50 to £850 per annum, with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. Preference will be given to candidates with training and experience in Child Care or Probation. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on 1 October, 1958, or as soon as possible thereafter. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 15 August, 1958. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Statistics. Salary scale £700-£850 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 2 August, 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

FILM distributors require book-keeper. Interesting work, congenial atmosphere. Contemporary Films, GERrard 9392.

ORGANISER responsible mainly for Training Youth Leaders required for September. Salary up to £700. According to qualifications. Application forms from The General Secretary, LUG & MC, 19 Williamson Street, Liverpool, 1.

TEMPORARY Secretarial Post? Ring MAY 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCH girl (19) Student, Interpreter's School, Geneva, fluent English and Spanish. Seeks post in England from Aug.-Oct., teaching, tourism, children, not domestic. References exchanged. Reply, Morgan, 58 Ashley Drive, Whitton, Middx.

WOMAN arts graduate, aged 42, secretarial training, wide experience social work, seeks congenial job administration or personnel. Box 1876.

GERMAN and Scandinavian Mother's Helps, Spanish maids, etc., supplied constantly by Beckenham Bureau, Village Way, Beckenham. BEC. 8329.

TEACHER, Pottery, Sculpture, Painting, seeks any work, anywhere, Aug., Sept. Suggestions? Box 1004.

INDIAN lady, English education, widely travelled Europe and India seeks employment in intellectual, academic or artistic field. Excellent references. Box 1800.

B.Sc. Chemistry, aged 28, sks exec. or trainee/assistant admin. position. Industrial experience in paints, general chemicals & pharmaceuticals. Temporarily restricted to working within 50 miles of London. Box 1909.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks whole or part-time employment, London. Irregular hours no obstacle. Committee work. Proof-reading. Box 1985.

SOME work with children at once, sought by very understanding schoolmaster; holidays or longer. Quite young children, girls, etc. welcome. Box 2061.

PRIVATE secretary wants part-time work, end of August. Literary prof. experience. High speed s/t. Box 2053.

IRISHMAN, 24, ex-hobo in USA, BA Hons Cantab, fluent French, sks work at anything until Oct. Box 1779.

CONSC. intell. woman, 37, requires post connected books. Year London bookshop, 4 yrs. Patients' Lib. London teaching hospital. Past experience sh./typing. Box 1778.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PLEASANT furn. flat, sit. rm, bedrm, din./kit. fully equipped. 4 gns. CHI. 0441.

NW2 lux. div. rm, charm. furn. for 2. Use gdn, nr tube. WIL. 2876 aft. 6 p.m.

FURN. gdn flat NW2. 3 lge rms, own bathrm. Adults only 4½ gns. Box 2026.

HAMPSTEAD. To let, one lady. Lge bed-sit. room with share kit., both very well furn. University woman's own home. C.h.w., gdn. Phone PRI. 0480 after 7.30.

TO let unfurnished; four rooms & use of bathroom in sml Islington house. Can be seen by appointment. Poulton. CAN. 8631.

3 yng wm. with lrg. flat, 2 mins Finchley Rd Stn req. 4th. Own bedrm, £2 17s. 6d. p.w. Share lounge, kit., bath, gas, el. & TV. GER. 7015 day, MAI. 9950 eve. Vincent.

ATTRACTIVE single furnished flatlet, h. & c., ckg. facs. £3. TUD. 0516.

OWN bedroom, share of modern flat offered by woman graduate. Cen. heating, telph., 'fridge, 35 mins door-to-door City or Westminster. 35s. per week incl. cleaning. TUL. 4475 after 7 p.m. Box 2018.

GOOD-class acc. best part Hampstead, nr buses: attract. div.-rm compl. built-in-kitchenette. Cpl or 2 friends £4 10s. Also charm. balcony rm sgl. overl. gdn, use bath, tel. (prof. lady pref.). 3 gns. Both rms avail. first wk Aug. HAM. 7428.

OVERLOOKING river, attrac. b/s., conc. basin, gas-ring, fire, Nr stn. 20 mins W. End. Mod. VAN. 5680 evgs. Box 2024.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

NO extras. Light, spacious divan-room for young lady, c.h., constant h.w., linen, china, separate cooking, share bath. NW2; frequent transport. 3½ gns. WIL. 6025.

PLEAS. furn. flat quiet Chelsea Sq, suit cple, 1 child. 10 gns. Box 1966.

VACANCY. Newly dec. room bus./prof. woman. Share kit. 38s. MOU. 5438.

2 Furn. b/s, h.w., elec., Maida Vale flat. £3 & £4½, dinner optional. Box 1995.

BED-sitting room, Large, comf., quiet house. Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

SMALL room. Small house. Small rent. Excellent pied-à-terre. LADbroke 5118.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

SMALL room to let for student in artists' flat, St John's Wood, £2 5s. Box 1789.

BUILT as flatlet, new house, beaut. furn., concealed ckg, h.w., basin, bath, linen, serv. prof./bus. lady. £3 10s. BAY. 4617.

TWO divan bedsit. leading kitchen. Sunny, quiet. Ascot, sink, cooker, com. telephone, next bath, lavatory. Garden outlook. HAM. 4007, 10-11 only. 4½ gns. p.w.

2 or 3 furn. rooms, £3 10s. or £4 10s. p.w. H. & c.w., electric cooker, sink unit, use of bath. Pleasant house near buses. 8 Holly Park Gardens, N3. FIN. 0358.

LONDON, NW6, S/c flat, 2 rms, kit., b., hall, fridge, tel., crockery, well furn., nr buses & tube; 6 gns. p.w. Tel. MAI. 8312.

GAY room in young graduate household for student or young prof. type. Nr Highgate tube. £2 10s. incl. breakfast, heating, tel. Box 2027.

FURN gar. flat NW2. 3 lrge rms own kit./bthrm. Adults only. 4½ gns. Box 2026.

FURN. basement front room, use kit. and bathrm., for student. PAD. 8140.

SMALL furnished house, Hampstead, free from 26 July to 13 Sept. Box 2069.

NEW Barnet. Single b/s with kit'ette. 45s. Garage available. BAR. 8972.

VACANCY in Kensington bachelor's large flat. £3. FRE. 1599.

SML. furn. flat: b/sit., k., d/rm, bath, gas htg & ckg, £3 10s. BAL. 1682.

HAMPSTEAD. Attractive furn. flat. Quiet house adj. Keats Lib. Minute Heath, shops, buses. Lounge, two bedrooms, kit. tel. Mod. rent careful tenant. HAM. 9219.

CO-TENANT wntd perm. by young woman typographer now/before Oct. Flat SW12. 2 mins tube. Own lge new. dec. semi-furn. rm. Gdn, tel. £2. No snags. Box 1942.

FURN. flat, redecorated lnge-diner, 2 bed-rms, kit., bathrm. £6 10s. SPE. 7750.

COTTAGE & car in Devon. Charmingly furnished cottage with use of Morris Minor car offered for 2 years at low rent to careful tenant. Box 1930.

BRIGHTON. Semi-furn. basement flat sea front. Bed-sit. k., b., c.h.w. Own entrance. £3 10s. p.w. Sims, 1 New Steine.

SOUTH Cornwall. Gerrans Bay, facing Portscatho. Unique private position on farm overlooking secluded beach; modern Countess 4-berth Caravan to let; fully equipped. Free from 6 Sept. 6 gns p.w. Box 1838.

EAST Croydon: furn. flat to let, school terms only, next Sept. to July. Near Station. 2 bed, 1 sit., etc. Box 2001.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TWO girl students req. small flat, furn. or unfurn. London, reas. rent. Write Barnfield House, Hathersage, nr. Sheffield.

ACTOR and small family require garden flat, 4 rms, k. & b. Hampstead or Highgate. Willing pay £300 f. & f. Box 1866.

YOUNG man 23 desires share flat London, W1. Box 1899.

SCHOOLTEACHER with piano seeks un/partly furn. room(s) Kens. or Regents Pk. Vince, 18 Kensington Gore, SW7.

FURNISHED cottage required by bachelor —from September, up to a year's tenancy. Moderate rent. Box 1929.

DISTRICT officer Nigeria wife & two children on leave 22 April to 22 August, 1959, reqs. furn. cott. nothing luxurious close sea, anywhere S. Coast or N. coast Devon or Cornwall. Box 1695.

TWO prof. women req. unfurn. flat 2/3 rooms, own b. & k. Hampstead. Box 1908.

YOUNG couple, graduates, require flat North London area from end of August. Reas. rent. Box 1919.

BUSINESS lady requires unfurnished flat or rooms. Reasonable rent, London area preferred. Box 1998.

BASEMENTED student painter reqs residential studio, desperately. Please 'give me some light'. Box 2019.

SCHOOLMASTER and wife require furn. or unfurn. s/c accommodation near Beckenham/Penge from Aug./Sept. Box 1905.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

BACHELOR (Civil Servant) wants furn./unfurn. accommodation, Central London, pref. 2 bedrooms, s/c. Quiet tenant. Box 2010.

YOUNG mother with son requires accommodation in exchange for baby-sitting & help at weekends. Box 2007.

YOUNG woman seeks non-exorbitant accommodation in friendly household from mid-September. Box 2028.

SEPT. onwards, woman, educated, travelled, cheerful, sks. unfurnished room nr. tube; simple meals, service reqd. Consideration reciprocated. Boxmoor 524.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SEMI-det. 8-roomed house, garden, to let, Putney. Vegetarians or Nature Cure fans preferred. Box 1903.

CLARION Youth Hostel requires 30-roomed house & 10 acres. Must be Green Belt. 20-30 miles London, up to £8,000. Replies to Sec., Clarion Youth Hostel Ltd, Geddings, Essex Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LONDON house, cent., 6 rooms, kit., bath, vacant poss., £1,575. CAN. 3468.

N. BUCKS. Modernised cottage for sale. Rural. ½ acre. 2 dbl., 2 s. bedrms. Dble garage. Elect., main water. £4,000. Box 2066.

SUNNY Berks cottage near Newbury still avail. £2,250. See last week. MAI. 4464.

SOMERSET Cottage, outstandingly attractive inside and out. Peaceful location, splendid view, small lovely garden. 14 miles S. coast, 2 miles country town, near bus stop. Large living room, sun room, kitchen, bathroom, two double bedrooms, boxroom. Electricity, garage, modern drainage, low rates. Freehold £2,950. Box 1821.

FOR sale: Cottage £2,300. 3 rooms. All conv. East Grinstead, Sx. Tel. PAD. 0375 (9-10 a.m.).

FURNISHED cabin. 47 Spielplats, Bricket Wood, St. Albans. Secluded; edge of wood; Calor gas. £150 or first near offer. 'Phone Garston 2148.

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TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end) WC2. COV. 1817.

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caters especially for the type of person who reads this paper.

Whether you want a first-class meal from our grill-room, or a coffee and a bun in the coffee-lounge, you are equally welcome.

A game of chess with a foreign master, or a drink in the Club-bar, the WHITE KNIGHT CLUB, with a friend, are on hand.

The proprietor, Boris Watson, lately of Soho, will be pleased to meet old friends and welcome new ones.

HI-FI enthusiasts please note. Music like Manoel de Falla's 'Love the Magician' gives you the authentic, exciting sound of Spain. Sherry like El Cid Amontillado gives you the authentic, thrilling taste. They blend perfectly.

PERSONAL

YOUNG lady, Doolittle type, in urgent need of "elocution and French lessons. Notting Hill Gate district. Box 2040.

HELP wanted for amateur documentary film. BM-AYKZ London, WC1.

YOUNG man (23) seeks m. companion holiday Sept. pref. Ireland. Box 1901.

TO let Aug. 30ft hsebt 3/4 bth pri riv gdn-sing dngy. Nr Windsor. 10 gns. p.w. or £40 mth. AMB 8974 or Brooke, Silver Badger, Datchet.

EXPERIENCED co-driver required for A90 leaving 4 September for Biarritz, one way only. Box 2042.

ISRAEL/Greece Aug. Hitch-hiking comp.(f) or car/pillion seat wtd. Box 2034.

NEEDY, willing male offers services in any capacity for one week beginning 3 August. Box 1999.

DRAMATIST-producer requires secretary to help with typing in return for individual coaching in writing or acting. Afternoons and evenings, WC1. Box 1914.

AUG., seaside holiday pupils 9-14 years. Opportunity meet foreign children. Merland House School, 130 Dorset Road, Bexhill.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Join now, Entrance Fee suspended during summer. Special terms for married couples and students. Apply: Secretary, ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

AMER. student (f.) seeks ride Zürich/Munich app. 1 Aug. Box 2071.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from Hon. Secretary, 219 Liverpool Rd., London, N1.

WANDERLUST economically and efficiently nourished with appropriate tickets, etc., Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101. No booking fees.

HOLIDAY help wanted as soon as possible by mother of 4 children, ages 11-4 yrs. Cotswold farmhouse, ponies, etc., and 2 wks seaside N. Devon. Daily help in the house. Would suit country-loving domesticated student. Kennard, Barton Farm, Guiting Power, nr Cheltenham, Glos. Tel. no. Guiting Power 203.

YOUNG man wanted to join mixed party travelling Costa Brava by train 30 August for 2 weeks in own flat in Blanes. Box 2054.

BOY 12, mother wd like boy to stay part hols or mix part other/parent/boy. Pike, 253 Lanark Road, W9.

MUSICIAN offers for sale profitable est. business, specialising classical records and music: S.E. Counties. Lock-up shop; lease 16 years. Box 1972.

YOUNG man, 27, teacher, seeks remuneration 26 July-9 Aug. Holiday prospects fading. Box 1920.

BACH, 30, grad., lover of Mozart, Donne and Proust, seeks interesting & intell. companion (m.) for holidays. Box 1944.

BAVARIA in Lederhosen. Young bachelor seeks congenial companion (m.) for holiday Germany, Austria in September. Also occasional week-ends in England. Box 1926.

WANT to exchange my summer house (6 beds) near van Gogh museum Otterlo, Holland, from 1-15 August, with artist family. Box 1709.

SECLUDED cottage for 1 or 2; 1 studio, 1 bed., b. & shaded terrace, in private grounds; available July, Aug., Sept., 8 mins. sea; 35,000 fr. monthly. C. M. Bureau, Le Mas Rose, Chemin de Fabron, Nice, France.

PARKINSONISM sufferer would appreciate information relief. Box 1791.

TYPEWRITING; would lady qualified S/Typist join partnership or take over Cen. London Copying Office. TEM. 5647 not Sat.

TEACHER, m. 34, sks remunerative work Aug. Anything, anywhere. Box 1836.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to philosophy, culture, leisure activities. Informal, friendly. Write Box 1844.

GRAD. (m) wd share beautiful Sussex cottage wknds. Small exps. Box 1898.

INDIAN (28) bach. grad. LSE, sks companion (m) hols. wknds. Box 1900.

SPANISH tuition. Priv. lessons. J. Soler, 36 Castellain Mansions, W9.

YOUNG student from Bahrain (21) wishes to find holiday accommodation in England, August, with a family. Box 2003.

FREE London Hotel board/lodging August for 6 hrs out of 24, good typing; 'env. addressing, etc. Box 2006.

BACH. 30's, seeks male companion for holiday (Britain). Box 1991.

GEOFF Harney. Please contact Tom, 8 Lillian Avenue, Acton, W3. ACO. 7283.

NOVELIST needs borrow £200 to finish important novel. Box 2008.

JOHN. If Aunt Agatha insists on leading the annual motoring trip to Bettws-y-coed you insist she gets a set of the new National Benzole road maps; From National Benzole garages and filling stations. 1s.

PERSONAL—continued

PROPOSAL to open Jewish cultural & recreational club for over-60s (primarily for retired prof. men & women) in Finchley Rd area. If interested write: Friendship Clubs Central Cncl, 291 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

BACHELOR, thirties, visiting Switzerland September, would like to meet Swiss male, 23-40. Interests: rambling, scenery, middlebrow, cultural. Box 1988.

HAS anyone flat used weekends available Mon. to Fri. Mod. rent. Careful prof. woman tenant. Box 2060.

COSTA Brava, villa, Sept. £10 p.w. 68 Torquay Gardens, Ilford. SNA. 3232.

MALE Sopranos, Renaissance Society interested possibility utilising adult male sopranos. Those interested please write: Secretary, 34 Highcroft Gardens, NW11.

STUDIO-flat, s/c, nr Zennor, St Ives. Fuel, h.w. incl. 8 gns p.w. Box 1960.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are all interdependent! Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

BACH., grad. 30's, sks companion (m.), 20's or 30's, walking Bank holiday. Box 2062.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (corr. Baker St), NW1.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity, 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

BEDWETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method. Free information. Enurex Co., 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

EXPERIENCED amateur actors, actresses, technicians and producer for ambitious City (London) Amateur Drama Group. Write Box A.588, c/o Street's, 110 Old Broad St., EC2.

ERRANDS in Italy run by Brit. resident. Dr de Roberto, Via Eritrea, Treviso.

FRENCH student teaches French. Moderate fees. Box 1426.

ORIGINAL Setting and Costume Designs by leading contemporary Theatrical Designers are on permanent Exhibition at Masque Bookshop, 1 Goodwin's Court, St Martin's Lane, WC2, and can be purchased at reasonable prices.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62733.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

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SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

CHILDREN over 3 yrs old welcomed as paying guests, any duration. P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland (Tel. 268), Lewes, Sx.

UP the Creek—or across the Channel—Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

WHEN you have recovered from your holiday, come to 30 Abbey Gardens to be photographed by Anthony Panting: copies may be useful at Christmas!

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (incl. doing nothing) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Ring Checkendon 221.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AIR TOURS
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TENERIFE,
CANARY ISLANDS

Elizabeth Nicholas, the well-known travel writer, has described these islands as the nearest thing to Paradise in winter that an escaped Englishman has the right to expect'. Yet comparatively few people have visited them. Now Wings Limited offers a new series of holidays with travel

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS

If your plans have fallen through contact us immediately for last minute vacancies on our house parties in Britain; or on the Continent on our Italian or Spanish sunshine holidays; or on our Austrian parties in the Tyrol or Salzburg Lake District. Costs from £23 15s. on the Continent, 8 gns. Britain.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

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GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on mule-back, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like; spend as little as you please! Dets (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

STUDENTS Fortnight inclusive of fare and pension August and September. Florence and Rome £26. Deva, Spain, £27. Wernick & The Mall Studios, Tasker Rd, NW3. Tel. GUL. 4705.

STOP Press. Austrian Lakeside, Hallstatt, foot of Dachstein (10,000 ft), 15 days £32 11s. 4 Aug.: 1 vacancy, 17 Aug.: few vacancies. Sleepers. T. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. POL. 2230.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

COPENHAGEN: We have still a few vacancies for our very popular 15 Day Holidays (29 gns, incl. couchettes & boat trip to Hälsingborg, Sweden) on 23 and 30 Aug. Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London W1. (Behind Peter Robinson.) LANgham 3101.

EXTEND the English Summer (if any) by a southward pilgrimage to the Sun in late Sept. (21st from London) 14 Days in Tarragona at Fiesta Time will cost you only £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (Behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

£20 will take you to Spain and back, buying you three weeks sunshine. Not a luxury tour, but a camping holiday with informal but knowledgeable companions. Leaving early August and early Sept. Details from Box 1912.

DISILLUSIONED with Europe and its problems? One month's holiday in India by air from £200. Vacancies still for Spain, Portugal, Italy, etc. Free brochure: Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade West, London, SW3. Kni. 9788.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriony-dd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires, Friendly & Informal, 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

A FEW August & September vacancies at this small congenial Hotel in 'Britain's Best Climate'. 7/10 gns. fully inclusive. No gratuities. Vegtn if desired. Own beach hut opposite. Recomm. by readers & members Toc H, WVS, etc. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Annexe 5½ gns, bed, breakfast & evening meal.

HOL. accom. (twin-bed. rm) offered in comf. country hse. in rural Suffolk nr Constable country. Lge gdn. car avail. by arrngmt. 7½ gns. p.w. Mrs Linn, Squires Cottage, Polstead Heath, nr Colchester.

PEACE, comfort, good food, small Quaker 17th Century Guest House, large garden. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

WINCHESTER. – Ideal accommodation for the discriminating visitor who appreciates good food and willing service in attractive surroundings. Chantry Mead Guest House, Bereweeke Road. Tel. 2767.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, Putting green. Garages. Superlative food. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

SAFFRON Walden, Essex. Dormitory bed's, kit. facils. 7s. 6d a night. FLA. 7756.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

PONY Trekking among the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. What an ideal holiday! Season until 1 November. Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s, Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr. Kings X, Euston and St Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association. 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely surroundings. 7-7½ gns. Reduction children, also students willing give some help. 'Steanbridge,' nr Stroud, Glos.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: 'New Statesman' 1938-1957, 'Economist' 1943-1950, 'Listener' 1950-1957; 'Statesman', 1940 to '57, mostly complete; Almost complete run 'The New Yorker' 1948-1949, half-year runs 1947 and 1950, offers?

WANTED: Sitwell's 'Ankor Vat and Peking'; One copy 'Dream of John Ball' by William Morris.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. Evs 8.0 Sat. Sun. 5, 8. Noon Has No Shadow. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-stop Glamour Revue 2-yr. Fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Last week of 7th edition.

ROYAL Court. Mn. 7.30. Sub. 8.0. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Guest Rep. Arts Th., Salisbury in The Private Prosecutor. 4 Aug. Return of The Lesson & The Chairs.

TOWER 7.30, 25, 26 (mems 27) only. Ustinov's 'Romanof & Juliet'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6) Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45 mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until July 20: Satyajit Ray's 'Pather Panchali' (U). From July 21: Satyajit Ray's 'The Unvanquished'.

ROXY, Bayswater 2345. W/c 20 July, Grace Kelly, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra 'High Society'. A. 'Poet and Peasant'. U.

FOLKSONG Unlimited, usual singers, every Wednesday, Cranbourne, Cranbourne Street (Leicester Sq. Tube).

GRAND Cultural Soiree, Song & dances from Africa & Asia. 7.0 p.m. 18 July Conway Hall. Admission 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing, Today, 19 July, 8-11. Members 3s. & their guests 5s.

DANCE with 77 Club every Saturday night St Pancras Town Hall, NW1. Hugh Scotland's Caribbean Band. Adm. 5s. Lic. bar.

EXHIBITIONS

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise – 26th Year. The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

EDWARD Lear: Landscapes, nonsense drawings, manuscripts, etc. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958. English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq. 'Food & Drink', an exhibition of Paintings and Old Prints. 11-6 daily Sats inc.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED New Reproduction of Modigliani's Portrait of Jeanne Hebuterne. £3 6s., tax 9s. 4d. from all good printsellers or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery until 21 August.

COMMONWEALTH Institute, SW7. African Paintings from N. Rhodesia. 7-27 July. Admn. free. Daily 10-4.30, Sun. 2.30-6.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Five painters from Rome.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10.-5.30 Sat. 10-12.30.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Brenson, Zangs, Yl. Stranik. 21 July-11 Aug. Daily 10-6; Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 21 July-2 Aug. Recent Paintings by Mary Brooks, Violet Fuller, Nina Hosali. 16 Woodstock St, Bond St, W1. MAYfair 4419.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Portraiture – The Dying Art (extended until 26 July).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings 1928-1958. Till 2 August. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Paintings by Edgar Hubert.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LAW not war. Victory for Socialism Public Meeting. Speakers include Kingsley Martin, Donald Soper, Sydney Silverman, Chairman: Stephen Swingler. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun. 20 July, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. at door.

4th Afro-Asian Students' Conference, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 19 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. All Welcomed. Adm. free. Labour MPs discuss Middle East crisis.

SCR: Meet Soviet Tourists on 24 July at 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sq, W8. Refreshments, garden. Admission (members, friends) 2s.

'MOVEMENT and Health', Anne Cornock-Taylor, Caxton Hall, Mon. 21 July, 7.30, 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Soc.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Colin Jackson on 'Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco'. Wed. 23 July, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Poetry Reading by Carolyn Kizer, Carl Bode, Roy MacGregor-Hastie, John Wain. Tuesday, 22 July, 8.15. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. July 26 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Le Breton (Alliance Française): Quelques nouveaux romanciers français.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 20 July, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. M. L. Burnet: 'The Next Fifty Years in Industry'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 20 July, 'What is the Saw of Karma?'

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Evening, 7 p.m. 20 July. Richard Peters, PhD, 'Ideals, Principles, and Ideologies'. Write for free 'Record'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MONTESSORI Training College (Cranleigh, Surrey) for Teachers of young children. Vacs Oct. (Cranleigh 196).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL COURSES IN CHILD EDUCATION LONDON
EVENING Diploma Course October 1958-July 1959.
EVENING Preparatory Course October 1958-March 1959.
MANCHESTER
WEEK-END Diploma Course January-July 1959.
These courses are of interest to Doctors, Nurses, Teachers, Parents, Etc.
Further details from:—
The Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1, Park Crescent, London, W.1.

NORTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC
Prince of Wales Rd, NW5
Day or Evening Classes
External B.A. (General): Latin, Greek, French, German, History, Geography, Economics, Law.
External Diploma in Geography.
G.C.E (A.L.) Courses: Arts, Economics, Law, Science.
Professional Courses: Company Secretaryship; Cost Accountancy; Management Studies.

THE Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, Devon, offers a General Arts Course for students aged 16-19 as a bridge between school and university or professional training: Drama, Art and Music may be taken as first subjects. Prospectus from the Sec.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

STUDIO pottery near Gray's Inn. Individual Tuition for evg students, 7s. 6d. an hr. CHA. 4748 after 11 a.m.

SCULPTURE Terra cotta. Tuition by Karin Jonzen at the Chelsea Pottery, 13 Radnor Walk, SW3.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000 ft) Switzerland. Year Course 1958/59, 1 Oct. – 30 June. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts and sports. Good general education required. For adults from 18-35. Three 11-week terms. Cost £98 10s. per term inclusive for board, lodging and tuition.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

FRENCH Conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. – The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander) Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Teachers: James Gibb, Sylvia Leeson, Mary Peppin, Geraldine Peppin. 66 Parkhill Rd, NW3. GUL. 3379.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition. (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St., W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. 16-23 Aug. Oxford. 'Progress in a Democratic Society'. 23-30 Aug. Steyning 'The Challenge of Co-existence'. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

FRENCH-English holiday in Chilterns. Small group Eng. boys and girls (aged 12-15) interested in mixing with French group welcome in Aug. at country house of Town and Country School. 38, Eton Avenue, NW3.

7-DAY Courses in Dramatic Art for Amateurs. Professional stage staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, starting 27 July, 3 Aug. Character Theatre, S. Kensington, London, starting 17 Aug. Eve. Course 11 Aug. £7 7s. and £4 4s. Syllabus: Marion Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19. Wim. 2161.

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Throughout summer. Brochure: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for Week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of July 'Plebs': 'What Next in Our Schools?' by J. P. M. Millar; 'The Story of Italian Resistance' by Andrew Boyd; 'Curing Our Discontents' by the Rt. Hon. Douglas Jay, MP; 'Invention of Radar' by Dr Alan Thompson; 'The NCLC in Conference' by Graham Horsman; 'This Wicked World' by J. P. M. Millar; 'The Cost of Trade Union Education' by J. P. M. Millar; 'Our Railways' by the Rt Hon Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'NCLC News'; Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, NS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts and intelligent beginners. 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

ENVOI: 2s. quarterly: poetry invited. Seven Levels, North Place, Cheltenham.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

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SUBSCRIBE to Astounding Science Fiction, adult SF at its best. 24s. p.a. from Atlas Publishing Distributing Co., Ltd, 18 Bride Lane, EC4.

NOVELS for your holiday. Summer list now ready, Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St, NW3. HAM. 2218.

JUST Out! A Boon to the Tourist! L. Meller & F. Mazzuccato's English-Italian and Italian-English Pronouncing Dictionary. 410 pages – Clear 'Easy-on-the-Eye' Type – Ideal for Travellers and Students, University and Public Libraries. Bound in a most attractive soft, red plastic durable de luxe cover, 12s. 6d. H. Pordes 138 New Cavendish Street, London, W1. MUSeum 5250.

'THE New Battle of France', R. Palme Dutt; 'Britain's Shipyards Today', Dan McGarvey, Boiler Makers' President, Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

JUNIOR House School, Saffron Walden, Essex, co-educational with home atmosphere, has few vacancies September; termly/weekly boarders, 5-11.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

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